



OVERHANGING HOUSE-FRONTS IN AURAY, BRITTANY



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The Monthly Illustrator

Vol. IV

May, 1895

No. 13

"We make no choice among the varied paths where art and letters seek for truth"



A "CONTINENTAL" CAVALRYMAN

IN THE GOOD OLD COLONY TIMES

BY EDWARD KING

With original illustrations by Wordsworth Thompson.

"In the good old Colony times
When we lived under the King."

THERE is a delicate charm in the sketches of Colonial mansions which Wordsworth Thompson is so fond of giving us. They are singularly refreshing, coming, as they do, in marked contrast to the excessive primness or gingerbread eccentricities of the city and country houses of to-day.

In their well-proportioned grace, these old houses, in which our grandfathers and great-grandfathers lived so contentedly, and thought themselves so magnificently lodged, make us forget that they are small, and that almost any one of them might readily be set down upon the roof of one of our fourteen-story blocks, leaving space enough behind and in front of it for lawn and garden. In those old days, ugliness had not yet presumed to



SPEEDING THE 'PARTING GUESTS IN OLD VIRGINIA



THE HARBOR AT CONCARNEAU, FRANCE

shoulder picturesqueness out of the way, sacrificing the beautiful side of life to the hideously useful.

A gentle and romantic poesy exhales from these stately white or gray edifices, with their Corinthian porticos; their tall pillars around the bases of which are grouped flowering plants; their quaint windows, with outside wooden shutters, showing a naïve unconsciousness of the possibility that any burglars should be about; their still lawns, on which rose-trees are dreaming of the beautiful damsels



THE OLD HOMESTEAD

who come each morning to cull their flowers; their vases filled with creepers and vines, and poised on tall pedestals in the Italian fashion; their blooming hedges, and their rows of trim trees, extending in shady avenues far out across the well-kept park to the highway, where the ancient coach deposits its passengers on the horse-block near the moss-grown stone gate.

Mr. Thompson's pictures remind us that comfort and elegance existed in the days before railways, and that all the graces of a refined society, all the usages of a haughty aristocracy were to be found beneath the roofs of scores of mansions in America, long after democracy had begun its work of putting all classes upon the same level. Instinct with life and vigor are the solidly painted figures of horsemen which we find upon the broad roads in these pictures. British and American, loyalist and rebel, king's-man, and free-man, are differentiated with skill and spright-



A HARBOR SKETCH AT AURAY

liness; the old inn with its lean-to roof and low stoop, with its weathercock perched on an angle near the chimneys, and its groups of white-waistcoated and white-wigged gentlemen of the period gazing out of the parlor window; the squads of British troopers and artillery horses resting in the stubbly field after the long march; the bareheaded officer bowing at the door of my lady's fine coach while he inspects her papers before allowing her to pass through the lines; the alertness, brightness and vivacity of all the figures, give us a glimpse of Revolutionary times well worth having.

As the French painters are turning back nowadays for their inspiration to the perturbed times just before and just after the great Revolution in France, so many of our painters, when the nineteenth century is dragging out its last years amid rather prosaic surroundings, like to turn to the delightful days of wigs and jack-



PASSING THE OUTPOST

boots, swords and horse-pistols, buff waistcoats, embroidered coats, ribbons and laces for gentlemen, and to the brocades and velvets in which the ladies of that period delighted. This is an art of which we cannot have too much, for nothing so strengthens national life, so nourishes patriotism, as the revival in the popular imagination of those historical periods which were full of heroism and romance and splendor of deeds, as well as of beauty of dress and grace of manners.

It seems to have been a time of more sincere politeness, of deeper devotion, of more tender gallantry, than are to be found in our day. Probably the backward look lends just the enchantment which furnishes the necessary glamour for the artist. Mr. Thompson has created a great number of Revolutionary and pre-Revolutionary types which entitle him to distinction. Surely it is no idle task to people again these old Colonial and post-Colonial houses with the polished and accomplished people who dwelt in them, and who now are dust.

Little they thought that their memories would be praised and fixed in the attention of future generations by the houses which they inhabited—solid old mansions, many of them in Virginia, in the Carolinas, along the great Mississippi, or beside the brisk waters of the Massachusetts and Rhode Island coasts. Some of these sturdy and impressive structures will stand for many generations yet; and we may be permitted to express the hope that a hundred years hence America may have another as clever an artist to reinvigorate their history, and fill them once more with the creations of his imagination.

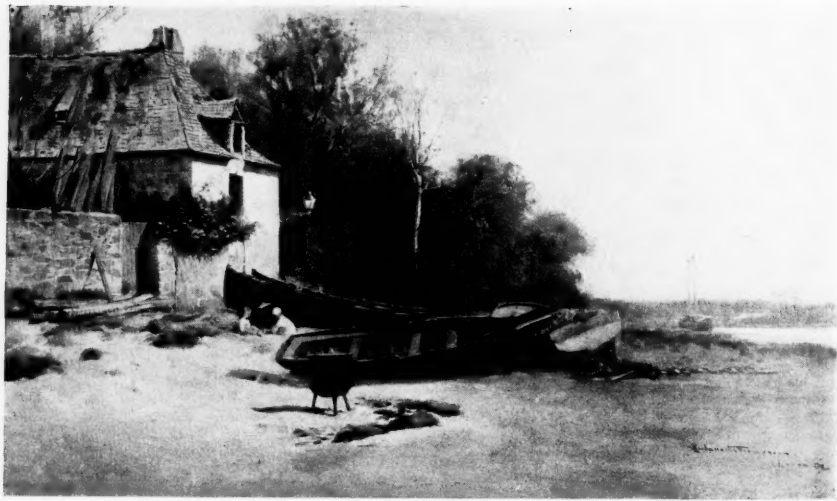


A MANOR-HOUSE IN EASTERN VIRGINIA, 1730



A CHURCH AND CROSS AT CONCARNEAU, BRITTANY

It might almost be said that the general reader and the average traveler of to-day knows more about Brittany and other odd corners, a little off the line of the European tour, than he knows of the old Colonial homes and of the fields of the



THE BANKS OF THE AURAY

American Revolution. Most of us have our gaze set forward, and it is only when we are gently impelled or incited by the seductions of art that we appreciate the past as after all more precious to us than the present.



A THATCHED COTTAGE IN BRITTANY

Mr. Thompson has lingered along the byways and highways of Brittany, filling his sketch-books with delightful material, which awakens all our memories of that curious Celtic land—a corner of France without being French, inhabited by a people self-centered, children of the sea and of the mist, simple, yet devoted, primitive and powerful. Very charming

are these glimpses of Brittany; the masts of the fishing-smacks rocking upon the incoming tide; the bare-legged maidens at the old stone fountain; the curious gray houses with their groups of chimney pots, almost phantasmal under the light



A WAYSIDE SHRINE IN BRITTANY

mist, and backed by the bluish gray of the sky; the country cafés, on whose outside benches sit groups of tanned and gnarled old mariners; the wind-swept plains down by the broad sea-channels; the stone cross by the roadside, with black-cloaked and white-capped women grouped about its base.

From such notes stay-at-home folk may gather the right impression of the broad and breezy spaces, the twisted trees along the wide highways; the thatched cottages; the stern-faced old women, and the resolute young fishermen of this land of ghosts and legends; the swift tides eddying around tall, dangerous cliffs and rocks; the marshes in which mysterious voices are heard sighing through the reeds by night.

Here and there the artist has found a headland garnished with an old stone church with the tall crucifix, and the crucified figure upon it, the shadow of which cross is cast beside the very door through which the humble



A FARM-HOUSE NEAR AURAY, BRITTANY

worshippers are entering. A little back from the sea, the gray fishing-nets are stretched to dry on the tall poles almost as high as the housetops. Here is no touch of color; everything somber and gray—but imbued with the strength and fervor of the rugged northern coast.

The fascination of Brittany is hard to explain. But it is, none the less, a definite and binding one. They say that Sarah Bernhardt goes to a Breton village every summer when she is in France, and lives its dreamy, coast-wandering, sky-scanning life for a month or two; and that she does it to strengthen her imagination. What wonderful dreams and fancies have come to poets and painters and philosophers, while they strayed on the gaunt cliffs, or rowed contemplatively in and out among the columnar rocks, or sat bareheaded in the warm rain, with the treacherous tide creeping up to lick their feet! From Chateaubriand to Renan, the line of dreamers and builders of fancy has been august. Brittany is a thought-nursery; and it is because our American artists put the thoughts evoked by the spectacle of the wild skies and wilder seas into their pictures of them that their work is so good. Why is it that some of our own maritime countries do not possess the same mysterious fascinating quality for the painting guild? The coast of Maine for instance: or that wild stretch on the Pacific side, between the mouth of the Columbia River and the Golden Gate? Probably this is because the mystery of tradition is more perfectly intermingled with the mystery of romantic nature in Brittany than elsewhere.

Mr. Wordsworth Thompson's Breton sketches impress one like pages out of one of Pierre Maël's sea-stories; they have the same grace and reverence for the wild and rugged aspects of nature; the same large and deep sympathy for humble types of humanity.



A SUMMER MARKET-DAY, OUTSIDE OF AURAY

THE SEA-CLIFFS OF ST. ANGELO

By J. HOWE ADAMS

Illustrated from recent Italian photographs.

THE sunny, happy side of nature is fully developed in this strip of mountain land which divides the Gulf of Salerno from the Bay of Naples. Sunshine, color, romance, charming mountains and more charming water, make up the picture which greets the eye here. These high, precipitous cliffs, covered with romantic villas and castles far above the level of the laughing blue water below, make the nearest realization possible of those remarkable scenes depicted on the old-time theatre-curtain.

This land is entrancing to the visitor, because it comes as a relaxation and a rest after the bewildering sights of Rome and Florence. To the Neapolitan, because he gets naught else, it is enslaving and enfeebling, like living solely on rich pastries and delicious candies. Nature, seemingly, has doubly blessed the country around Naples, and yet to man it is doubly cursed. Disease lingers in the lowlands; malaria and cholera are constant visitors, and the steady heat saps the energy of the native while it furnishes him with sufficient food to keep body and soul together.

There is no trip which promises greater pleasure than a rambling excursion around this peninsula in the long sunny days of an Italian spring. The trip is easier to make if one prefers the sea, but the sea here is cut off from all real intimacy with the land, for much of the human life exists on the precipices hundreds of feet above the tide-level.

In our own experience, we left Naples by railway for Salerno, the proper place from which to start to see the peninsula aright. The coach which carried



SORRENTO AND THE BAY OF NAPLES

us from Salerno, dozing in the sunshine, was as crazy and insecure a vehicle as ever rolled out of even an Italian town. The driver was not of a nature to temper the eccentricities of the road to the feebleness of age; his reckless vigor was better suited to those halcyon days when brigands roamed this charming region. With flashing whip he lashed the already galloping horses through the narrow lanes of the various little towns between Salerno and Amalfi, crowded with scampering children, and around sharp curves where the sea lay hundreds of feet below on one side, and a rocky precipice stretched toward heaven on the other. A half-dozen narrowly missed catastrophes brought, however, a submissive resignation to our spirits, and when the ride was over, we unanimously voted that a full gallop in an old hack was the only method of taking this ride aright.

There are four small villages between Salerno and Amalfi, namely, Cetara, Atrani, Majori and Minori. Cetara is as extraordinary a dwelling place as one can well find, lying in a deep ravine on a sandy beach extending out to the Gulf of Salerno between two high precipices, and the fishermen who live here get no life or light, except what they find in their boats, and in their occasional trips to Naples and Salerno. Atrani is the antithesis of Cetara; high white walls overhang the road, hand-

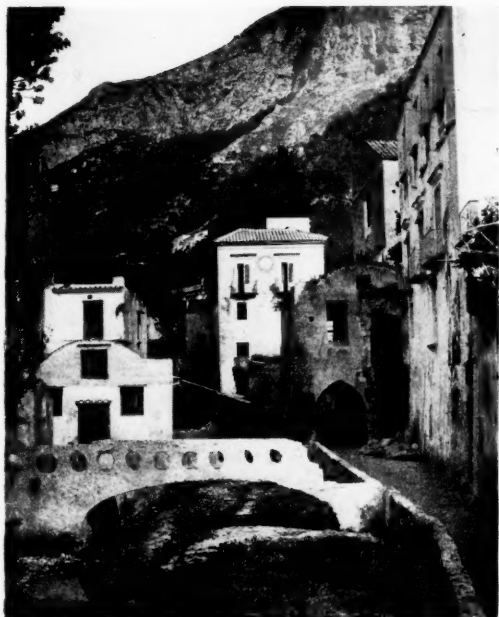


THE CHURCH OF ST. ANDREW-THE APOSTLE AT AMALFI

some villas with extending terraces cover the rocks in every direction. As we dash through its lanes the people come to their doors, but we are gone in a flash. It has never occurred to them that they, too, could have attractive inns for the travelers and stop some of the flow of golden revenue to Amalfi.

Amalfi is the Italian Mecca of the traveling world; nature has put a barrier here which the hand of man is just beginning to penetrate. A rocky promontory cuts off the road at this point, and compels the most reckless of drivers to stay his course. In a year or so this promontory will be conquered, and the road will then run from Salerno to Sorrento without a break.

No words can describe the picturesqueness of the Hotel dei Cappuccini here at Amalfi—a deserted monastery turned into a hotel five hundred feet above the sea. Here we stand on the old cloister-walk where stood the monk in Longfellow's



A STREET IN AMALFI

"Amalfi," when the hotel was still the monastery, and the traveler was content to gaze out here from below as Longfellow did:

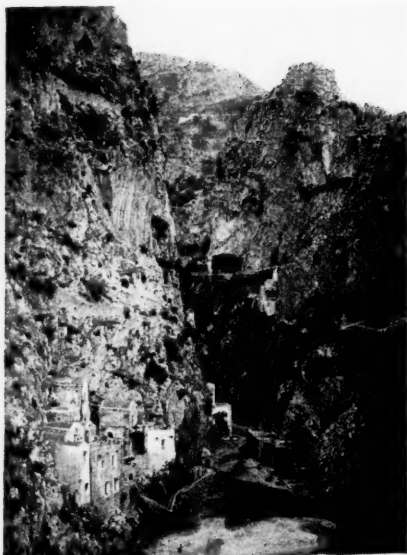
"Far above the convent stands;
On its terraced walk aloof
Stands a monk with folded hands.

Round the headlands far away
Sweeps the blue Salernian bay,
With its sickle of white sand.
Further still and furthestmost
On the dim discovered coast
Paestum with its ruins lies;
And its roses all in bloom
Seem to tinge the fatal skies
Of that lovely land of doom.
On his terrace high in air
Nothing doth the good monk care
For such worldly themes as these.
From the garden just below
Little puffs of perfume blow,
And a sound is in his ears
Of the murmur of the bees
In the shining chestnut trees;
Nothing else he heeds or hears;



POSITANO, ON THE ROAD FROM SORRENTO TO AMALFI

The Sea-Cliffs of St. Angelo



FURORE, A FISHING-VILLAGE, NEAR SORRENTO

Slowly o'er his senses creep
The encroaching waves of sleep,
And he sinks, as sank the town,
Unresisting, fathoms down
Into caverns cool and deep."

This last metaphor of Longfellow is strictly true, and explains to the visitor how this town, once so great, is now so petty in the world's doings. This "Athens of the Middle Ages" had at one time 50,000 inhabitants, and its fleet filled the seas; it became a republic, and its doges were consulted by kings and emperors; but in the 14th century earthquakes engulfed the city's quays and arsenals, and destroyed the beach which then stretched to Atrani.

The town of Amalfi runs back from the sea up a narrow ravine for half a mile. A walk up this narrow gorge is fatiguing exercise, for the steps are steep, the paths rocky, and the climb in the shadows of the buildings is danger-



THE ROAD FROM SORRENTO TO AMALFI



ATRANI, SHOWING VILLAS ON THE CLIFFS

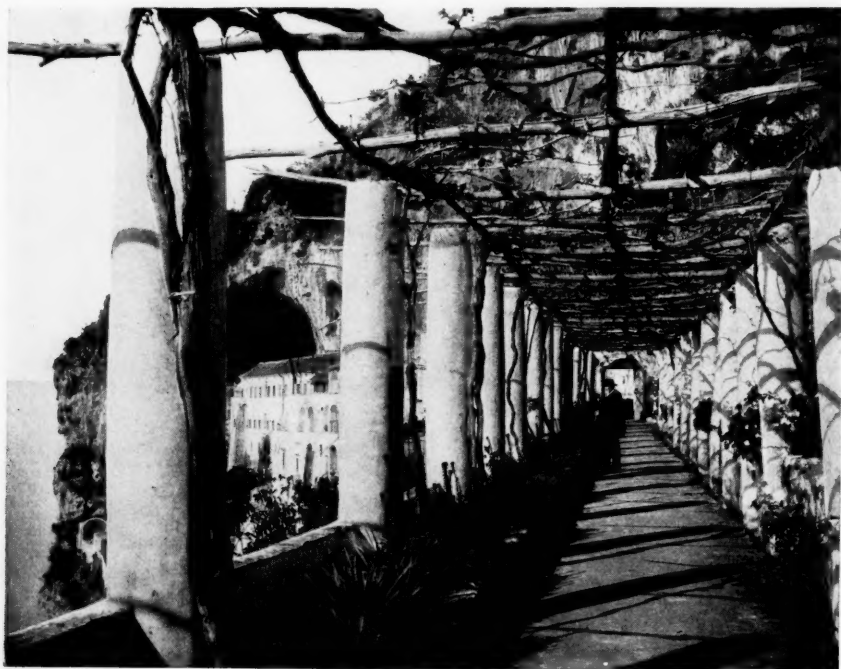


A CULVERT ON THE ROAD FROM SORRENTO TO AMALFI

ously enervating. Here and there up this rocky gorge a rude bridge crosses the tossing torrent, and connects some orange or lemon grove with the world.

The cathedral of St.-Andrew-the-Apostle at Amalfi is a gorgeous affair, showing in its bizarre colors and lines distinct evidence of the imagery and mind of the Saracens, derived from their possession of Sicily in the 10th century.

The smooth hard road which runs to the great promontory at Amalfi suddenly stops; one must go by boat to Prajano, where he will find the road again, running without break along the peninsula for miles, until the mountains above grow less, when it penetrates a break in the range and climbs over it through the orange groves that extend down to Sorrento. This ride is a wild experience,



ARBOR OF THE OLD MONASTERY OF THE CAPUCHINS, AMALFI

lacking the human element which the ride from Salerno to Amalfi possesses. Only two ghostly towns are seen: one, Positano, largely deserted by its inhabitants; the other, Furore, an altogether deserted spot, clinging to the rocks below the road.

Sorrento is Naples made purer and more like the country, with as many cliffs and as much sea as one can possibly want, while a level plain extends in all directions. Here is the famous Hotel Tramontano, with its unique winding tunnel cut in the solid rock, connecting the beach below with the hotel a hundred feet above.

The view from Sorrento is typical of this southern coast of Italy. Far away across the Bay of Naples stands the smoking volcano of Vesuvius, while nestling at its base, and even crawling up its side, lies the flat town of Naples, picturesque



THE CITY AND PORT OF AMALFI



THE CLOISTER-WALK AT THE OLD MONASTERY AND HOTEL, AMALFI

at this safe distance. The bay sweeps to the right in a great curve of the shore, dotted with hamlets and villas. To the left the blue water runs out to meet the Mediterranean beyond the islands of Procida, Ischia and Capri. Sorrento, the gem of the coast, overlooks the rare scene from the crags of a cliff, a hundred feet above the shining water.

Oranges and olive-wood boxes, inlaid with mosaic work, are the two sources of revenue outside of the entertainment of the traveler. The famous tarantella dance, as performed here, has degenerated from a popular native custom into a regular performance by a band of trained professionals, and, like many of the other customs and traits of Italy, its fire and grace are overrated. This country is wonderful enough to stand the truth; it is only injured when inferior attractions are placed on the same plane with its scenery and climate.



THE HOTEL TRAMONTANO AT SORRENTO



CETARA, A FISHING-VILLAGE IN A GORGE NEAR ATRANI

A FEAST-DAY IN A MEXICAN VILLAGE

BY E. W. DEMING

With original illustrations by the author.

THE day's stage-ride from the railway station to the little Mexican mining-village in the mountains and fastnesses of the State of San Luis Potosi, Mexico, had been so wearisome that I was in poor condition to enjoy the novel sights that met my eyes as we approached the pueblo, yet every quarter-mile brought something fresh to arouse my jaded interest.

We rode down the last cañon as the setting sun cast long shadows and gilded quaint old houses nestling among the fig trees. The pueblo is surrounded by high mountains, so that it is not surprising to learn that formerly it was a noted stronghold of bandits; and through the middle runs a slender water-course, having small gardens of vegetables along both margins. Indian women were washing clothes or filling jars on the banks, and nude children were playing in the water which sparkled on their little brown bodies.

We passed peons returning to their homes with burros laden with wood, food and various other commodities; also great two-wheeled carts, drawn by from twelve to eighteen little mules, and loaded with coke for the blast-furnaces; and oxen dragging patiently by their horns immense covered carts containing provisions. Now and then came a peon afoot, traveling at a long swinging trot, perhaps having just made fifty or seventy-five miles, and seeming no more exhausted than if he had come but five.



ENDING

WOMEN AT THE FOUNTAIN IN THE PLAZA



THE PUBLIC LAUNDRY

In front of the little *jacals* were groups of Indian men, women and children, eating their evening meal around fires which sent up blue columns of smoke into the gathering twilight. A gang of prisoners was marching back to prison after carrying loads of stone on their backs all day, their faces contrasting sadly with those of the gay family groups around the fires.

That night I could not have felt comfortable if I had been in Paradise; but with the morning sun and plenty of vaseline, things once more became interesting; and after a breakfast of *chili con carne*, beans and coffee, and a good supply of water to take the pepper out of my throat (which, by the way, it does not do),



A RANCHERO

and here and there a vender of cakes, candied figs, or other fruit, was reaping a harvest of big copper centavos. Around the sides of the plaza were venders of pottery, vegetables, etc., each stock sheltered under a home-made umbrella and each making a complete little picture. Along the wall inclosing the plaza were groups of peons lazily talking, while they sunned themselves and smoked corn-husk c garettes.

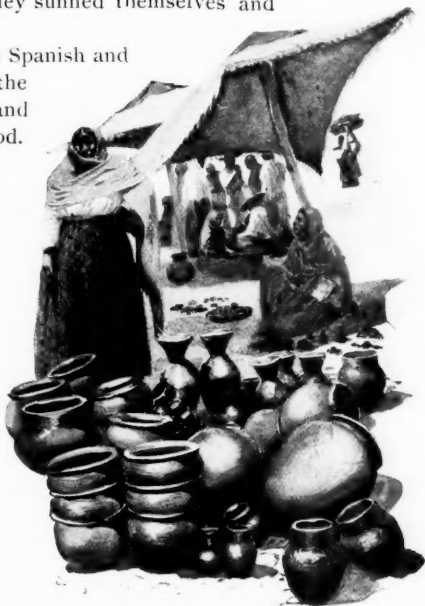
There is a curious blending of the Spanish and Indian in the costumes and faces of the peons, but the Indian predominates, and many show no signs of Spanish blood. The men are small and bright-eyed, with sharply cut features and hairy faces, and all are well built with broad shoulders, deep chests, and shapely arms and legs. They are fierce-looking chaps—in fact, many of them in this and other villages in this section have until lately been bandits. They wear sombreros, white cotton shirts, white trousers, and often add an outer pair of yellow buckskin, open at the sides and showing the white ones underneath. On their feet are sandals and the ever-present serape covers their shoulders.

The peon women have, even more than the men, the appearance of Indians, partly on account of their

I felt better and took a stroll about the quaint old pueblo of Concepcion del Oro.

It happened to be a feast-day and the plaza was full of people doing nothing in various ways. All seemed good-natured and kept up a continual laughter and chatter, for much business as well as amusement was being carried on out of doors.

About the fountain in the centre of the plaza, were groups of women filling with water large red jars, which they gracefully poised on their heads and then carried off with a natural beauty of motion unknown to their more civilized sisters. Occasionally a man would approach the fountain with two large jars, hanging from the ends of a pole carried over his shoulder;



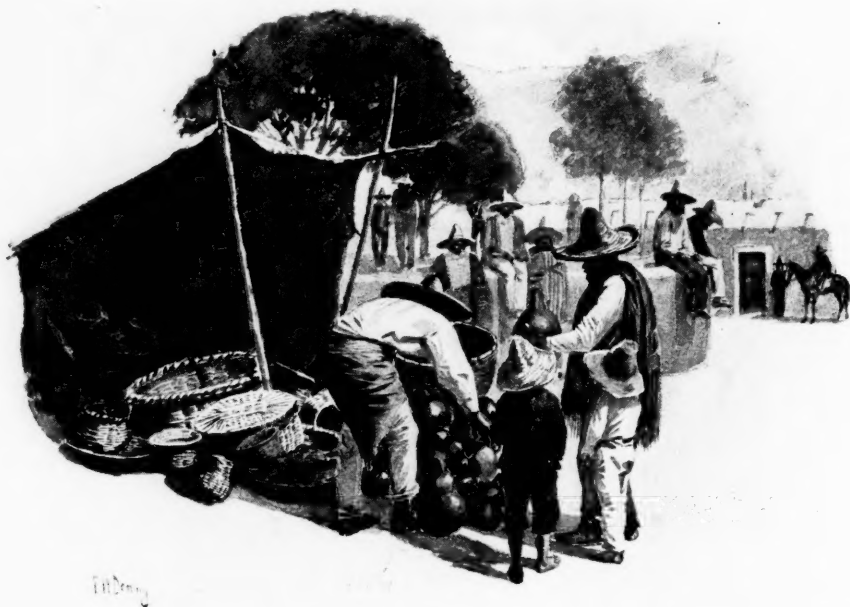
THE VENDER OF EARTHENWARE

wearing the hair braided down their backs, Indian fashion. Many of the younger women are quite attractive in features and nearly all have fine figures; but Father Time deals rather roughly with them, and by the time they are twenty-eight or thirty they look middle-aged and have left only a suggestion of their former attractiveness, while the life of exposure and toil they lead hurries them on to old age and turns them prematurely into wrinkled women. They wear loose dresses of colored calico or white muslin, throwing over their heads a blue or grey mantilla, and occasionally one sees them with a man's hat on. Their feet are shod with a callous pair of soles—seldom anything else.

The women carry their babies on their backs, held there by a shawl, which is passed around the baby and over the woman's shoulder, and tied in a knot on her breast. Many little children were running about, encumbered in a like manner with a little brother or sister, apparently not in the least inconvenienced by their load, and usually several of them to-



THE OLD CANDLE-MAKER



A SUNNY MORNING IN THE MARKET

gether, as busy gambling away their pennies as were their fathers and big brothers.

You are much impressed with the artistic results that these people succeed in getting in their wares. The desire to do something artistic seems to be uppermost in their minds, and yet I am sure that they are entirely unconscious of any such intention. Art is intuitive with them, is manifest even in the careless draping of their serapes and mantillas.

Their jars and baskets are especially good in form. Some of the jars are patterned after the conventional Spanish shapes, others show the Indian. Their habit of following the forms of certain vegetables, gourds, squashes, etc., probably points backward to a time when they had only gourds and similar vegetable shells for holding fluids, and began to coat them with mud to prevent them from



THE SANDAL-MAKER AND HIS FAMILY

burning when placed over a fire. They gradually learned that they could make clay vessels without the vegetable support inside, but have never quite abandoned the traditional shape.

In one corner of the plaza, a great pile of baskets and gourds was presided over by a boy, who darted out from under his awning every time a possible customer came near, and attempted to cajole him into buying some of his wares. The baskets were of all sizes and forms, and nicely made from palm-spines or willow-twigs; the gourds were for drinking-cups, water-bottles, etc. Under one awning an old man, with his wife and daughter, was mending shoes and making sandals. His outfit was very simple, consisting of a knife, an awl, thread made

A Feast-Day in a Mexican Village

from the *techiuila*, a raw-hide, and some scraps of leather. When a customer came for a pair of sandals, the old shoemaker placed the man's foot on the raw-hide, marked its shape with his awl, cut out this piece, made a few holes in which to put the strap, and was then ready for the next customer.

There was a constant arrival of rustic peddlers, some carrying great loads of their wares on their backs, supported by a strap across the breast or forehead; others allowing their wives or burros to carry the loads for them.

An Indian with a burro, carrying four large jars containing *pulque* (the beer of Mexico, a fermented drink made from the juice of the maguey, or aloe), stopped in the crowd, took out a gourd, and commenced business, which was soon very brisk, as the sun was hot and the people thirsty. The next arrival was an Indian with a large basket on his head, filled with melons of all degrees of greenness, which he proceeded to sell without compunction. All day an old woman of goodly proportions, and with a fat, good-natured face, stood patiently out in the hot sun, occasionally making known, in the voice of



A PEDDLER OF PULQUE

a grenadier, the attractiveness, strength and handiness of her various pots and jars, to be bought at great bargains; and, although no one seemed to buy them, her patience and good nature never failed.

I indulged my curiosity as to the taste of the different kinds of candied fruits, figs, *tuna* (a kind of prickly-pear), etc., most of which were very palatable, though not always wholesome to an untrained system.

Occasionally the rattle of hoofs and jingling of spurs announced the arrival of a *ranchero*, or possibly of two or three, racing up the rocky street, men and horses all accoutered in silver and leather, and the cavaliers sitting their horses as none but these *rancheros* can. Each was followed by his *mozo*, or groom, who took charge of the horse, loosened its girth, and walked the animal around until it cooled off.

Mingling with other noises was a frequent clanging of the Mission bells,



A CAKE-STAND IN THE PLAZA

which hung near the ground on a pole, and were vigorously pounded by peon boys. The old missions present an extremely fine appearance from the outside. The architecture is very simple and dignified, and the color, originally painted white, has changed to various tints with time and exposure. The church-goers were principally women and children, with here and there an old man who was probably trying to rid himself of the ghosts of the sins of his



A BACHELOR MOVING

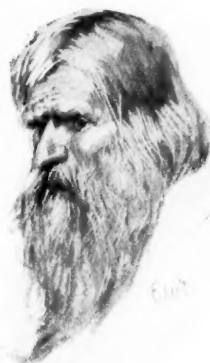
bandit days before making his final settlement. I was much disappointed with the interior of the church, which was over-decorated and not nearly as interesting as the exterior view led me to expect; it gave me the impression of a Chinese joss-house, with all the little paper devils turned into tin saints.

At the entrance were the usual number of beggars, who began, in a cringing sing-song, to beg for "*uno centavito, uno chiquito centavito.*" They were certainly worth that much, as a part of the exterior decoration, and some of their old heads

would make splendid gargoyles to carry off the roof-water, although *mescal* would probably be more to their taste.

Sundays here are always holidays, and while sitting in the plaza, I noticed a number of Mexicans, some of them carrying game-cocks, going into a passage leading to a large court in which a cock-fight was in progress. An immense grape-vine covered a part of the court, making a pleasant shade from which to watch the proceedings. The place was full of gayly blanketed and costumed natives, gathered around a ring in which several handlers were doing their best to make a match advantageous to their own champion.

Several handsome game-cocks were



A BANDIT



THREE OF A KIND

strutting about, as well as the cord on their legs would permit, each crowing now and then in a boastful fashion. Finally, there came a hush; a pair of birds had been matched, and bets made up, but before I could get near enough to see anything, the duel was over, one bird having been killed by a scythe-like knife tied to his opponent's left leg.

For the next fight I was in place. A beautiful pair of birds, one black and the other red, with feathers all standing up and necks outstretched, were facing, each following the other's every move with his eyes. In a second the cocks sprang at each other, striking viciously with their feet. Apparently, honors were easy. Then, again and again, they flew at one another, but the third time the red bird's head drooped, he staggered and fell dead. The black victor was picked up by his handler, who blew in his mouth and carried him off.

One day I made the acquaintance of a queer old candle-maker. In one end of his room, quite high up, was a small window, the light from which fell on the old man's head, lighting up his white hair and beard, while everything else remained in a subdued tone. He had a large hoop suspended from the rafters, and from it depended about two hundred candle-wicks, while underneath stood a jar of melted tallow, kept hot by a little fire.

The old man rotated the hoop slowly, meanwhile dipping up the hot tallow with a gourd, and pouring a little upon each wick as it passed. By the time that wick came around again it was cold and ready for another coating.



THE SUNDAY AFTERNOON COCK FIGHT

A PROMISING WEARER OF A WORTHY NAME

BY HILLARY BELL

With original illustrations by Héva Coomans.

Mlle HÉVA COOMANS comes of a family distinguished in art. Her father was a famous painter, her brother and sister have given good account of their parental inheritance. The young artist whose pictures are herewith reproduced for our study proves in various ways that she is the worthy daughter of a gifted sire. Mlle Héva's first toys were paint-brushes, her nursery was the studio; her earliest impressions were those of line and color. Thus trained, from the inception of thought, to consider the problem of beauty, she has given earnest and intelligent effort to discover its secret. Her endeavors are not always successful. But she has no faults that cannot be amended by so ambitious a spirit, and even in her immature work we may find qualities that give promise of a prosperous future.

It is possible to discern many excellent and encouraging notes in each canvas of this youthful painter. She is industrious, ambitious in theme and careful in detail, she is bold but not over-bold, the modesty of her sex still governing the impulses of her imagination. She has that belief in her own abilities which, however much it may fail to impress the world, is the best friend of genius. By this instinctive knowledge of power, Mlle Coomans occasionally dashes into a certain vigor of expression that is astonishing in a woman and still more remarkable in a young woman. Observe the figure at the fountain; that is good drapery, boldly



BEAUTIFUL DAYS



A POMPEIIAN FLOWER-MERCHANT

arranged, excellent in texture, well brushed in. If the head, arms and feet had been so finely treated she must have produced a picture worthy of the name of Coomans.



CAPTIVE

Mlle Héva paints with sentiment rather than thought, and relies on emotion. She has not gone through the travail and distress of the charcoal period and her

compositions, though usually pleasing to the eye, are often confusing to the mind. There is generally some conflict between her torsos, heads and limbs, which all the pleasant cordiality of color will not assuage. The bird-seller, for example, has very sturdy feet, yet she does not stand on them. Mlle Coomans apparently realizes this defect in her skill, for she constantly gives large pedal extremities to her models, and tries to excuse the matter by making their hands too small.

Let this ambitious lady give more heed to her drawing, and get the figure all

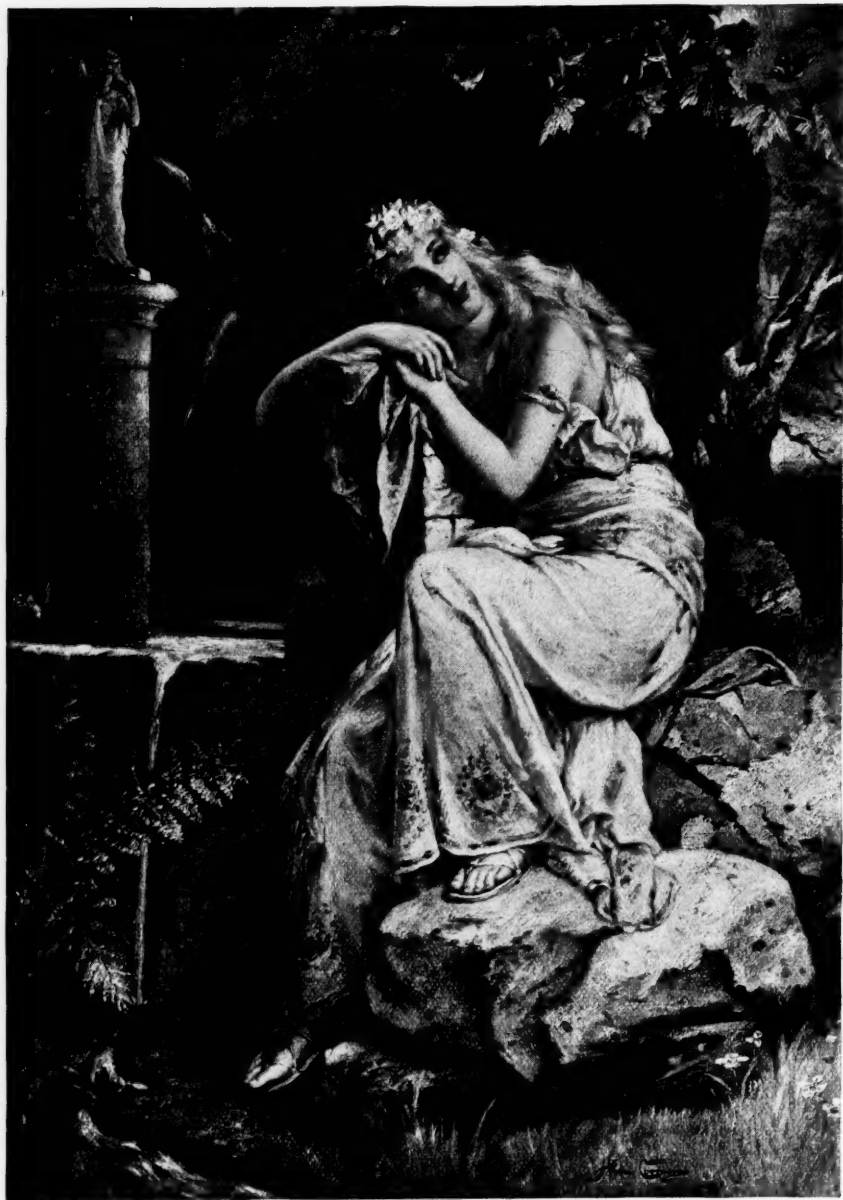


THE MESSAGE



THE BIRD-MERCHANT

right before she drapes it. She has an engaging, amiable quality, which soothes the public but does not hoodwink the critics. If Mlle Coomans will be more careful with her composition and colors we shall have many good words to say



UNDER THE SPELL

about her. At present she lacks tone, simplicity, anatomy and consistency, in all of which her father was distinguished. Her merits are inherited, not her faults; and with study she will do justice to the name she wears with great promise.

JEAN VALJEAN

BY VICTOR HUGO

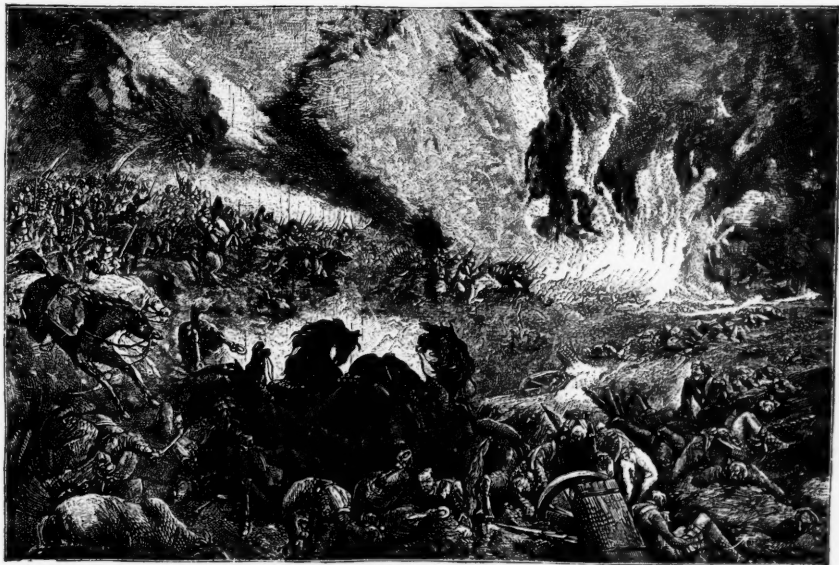
The hero-story of "Les Misérables," condensed by Ernest Ingersoll, and illustrated by Bayard, Brion, Des Brosses, De Neuville, Marie, Scott and Valnay.

CHAPTER VIII

COSETTE'S DELIVERANCE

JEAN VALJEAN was recaptured, and condemned to be returned to the prison at Toulon for the remainder of his life.

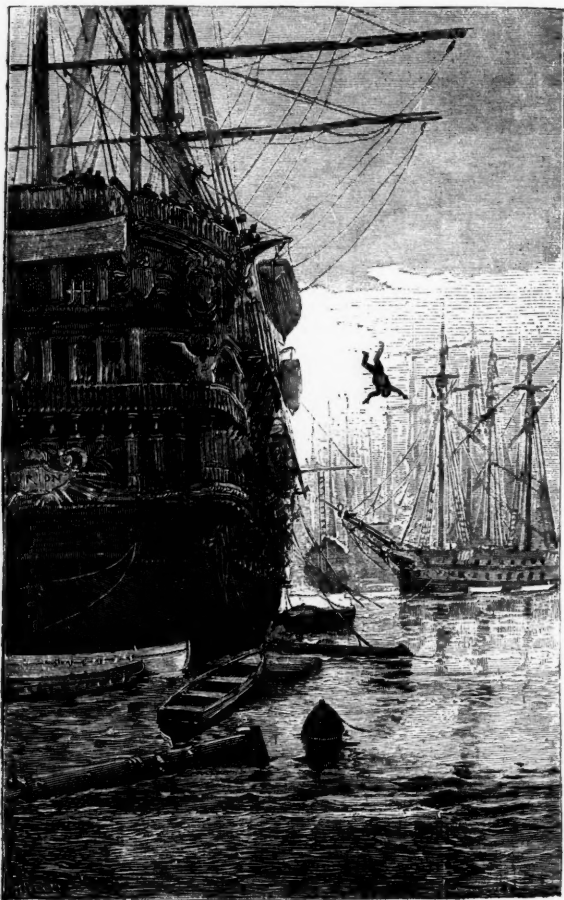
One day he was at work with a gang of fellow convicts upon a man-of-war in the harbor, when a sailor fell from the end of a yard-arm, but caught himself by a rope where he hung, but must drop as soon as his strength gave out. No one



THE HOLLOW WAY OF OHAIN, AT WATERLOO

could even attempt to save him without the most imminent risk, and no one volunteered, until Jean Valjean begged permission to try the hopeless if not fatal task, and the instant the fetters were knocked from his feet ran up the rigging. Before the eyes of a breathless crowd his almost superhuman strength and courage enabled him to lift the sailor into safety. Then he himself turned to descend by a stay, but suddenly relaxing his hold, as if overcome by his exertions, he pitched headlong into the sea, between that vessel and another beside it. Every effort was made to save the hero's life, and thousands would have petitioned at that moment for his pardon, but nothing whatever was discovered of the lost man.

A few days after that an old, but robust traveler, came on foot at evening to the inn of the Thenardiers at Montfermeil. In the wood on the edge of the village he encountered a poor, half-naked, nearly starved, little girl, frantic with fear of the darkness and terror of punishment, tugging at a huge bucket of water. He took it from her hand and inquired her name.



OVERBOARD! IN THE HARBOR OF TOULON

"Cosette," she replied.

The traveler spent the night at the inn. He incurred the contempt of the greedy proprietors by his few simple wants, but excited their astonishment by the interest he took in the little girl, whom they treated on a level with the dog and the cat—often worse than either—and openly wished that they might be rid of.

This whole chapter might be given to a recital of the dreadful scorn and tyranny which these people exercised toward this mite of a girl, scarcely eight years old, for whom they set tasks only fit for an adult, and kept in a squalor and ignorance denied to a serviceable animal; and it was intensified in its bitterness for the child and its horror for the traveler, by reason of the fact that the two daughters of the family, Eponine and Azelma, were dressed and cared for, and given

playthings, as far above what might have been expected of these two ruffians as their crushing of Cosette was below what any human heart would seem capable of.

The traveler sat in the shadows of the dingy taproom and listened in silence to the gossip of the villagers over their cups. They talked of a mysterious person who had been reported as seen digging in a secluded part of the neighboring forest. Some believed he was a searcher for hidden treasures; others denied the fact altogether; but most had a superstitious belief in some mysterious visitor



THE HIGHLAND PIPER IN THE CENTRE OF THE FAMOUS "SQUARE" AT WATERLOO

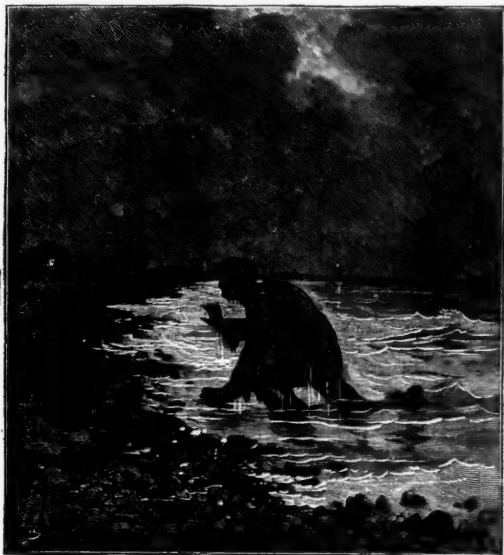
—perhaps a supernatural one, and certainly portending no good. This led to reminiscences of Waterloo, for the battlefield was not far away, and some of the men had been there; and they retold incidents of the cavalry charges, of the awful carnage at the hidden way of Ohain, of the heroic last square, and that famous piper of the Seventy-fifth Highlanders. The traveler listened to this, but his eyes and mind were really bent upon Cosette.

He saw her degradation and his blood boiled, until at last he was moved to an injudicious display of wealth, for he went out and bought the most resplendent doll in town, and showered money and playthings upon "the brat," until he aroused not only the wonder but the cupidity of The-

nardier and his dragon of a wife, who at length concluded that he must be a rich grandfather of the child, in disguise.

When, therefore, on the next morning, he proposed to relieve them of their burden of charity, they made him pay 1,500 francs for her; and followed him to extort more, but he suddenly disappeared, as was his wont.

That night Jean Valjean, for of course it was he, alighted from the stage in the outskirts of Paris, and plunged into the labyrinth of narrow crooked streets which characterized one of the poorest quarters of Paris half a century or more ago, making his way toward the Boulevard de l'Hopital. The day had been strange and full of emotions for Cosette; they had eaten behind hedges bread and cheese bought at isolated wine-shops; they had often changed vehicles, and gone a distance on foot. She did not complain, but she felt tired, and Jean Valjean took her on his back, where, without letting loose of Catharine, her great new doll, she laid



JEAN VALJEAN'S ESCAPE TO THE SHORE

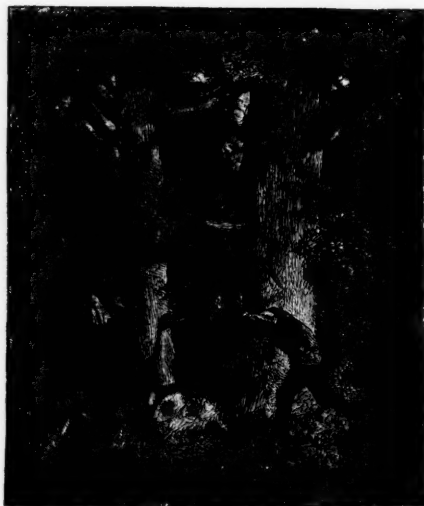
her head on his shoulder and fell asleep.

At length he came to a tall, tumble-down, utterly desolate-looking house, numbered 50-52 and long called Maison Gorbeau—a gruesome relic of a still older Paris; and entering it proceeded to a room under the roof.

CHAPTER IX

A STILL-HUNT IN PARIS

FOR twenty-five years Jean Valjean had never loved anything. The other tender emotions of his youth, if he had any, had fallen into an abyss. When he saw Cosette, when he carried her off, he felt his soul stirred up; all the passion and affection there was in him were aroused and rushed toward this



THE MYSTERIOUS BEING IN THE FOREST



HELPING THE LARK

child. He went up to the bed on which she slept, and he trembled with joy; he felt pangs like a mother, and knew not what it was, for the great and strange emotion of a heart which is preparing to love is a very obscure and sweet thing. Still, as he was fifty-five years of age, and Cosette eight, all the love he might have felt during life was melted into a species of ineffable glow. This was the second white apparition he met: the bishop had caused the dawn of virtue to rise on his horizon, and Cosette now produced that of love.

The first days passed in this bedazzlement. On her side Cosette became unconsciously different, poor little creature! All had repulsed her, the Thénardiens, their children and other children; she had loved the dog which died, and after that nothing and nobody would have anything to do with her.

Hence from the first day, all that felt and thought within her began to love the good man; and she experienced what she had never known before, a feeling of expansion. Cosette's instinct sought a father, in the same way as Jean Valjean's sought a child, and to meet was to find each other.

Weeks passed away and these two led a happy life in this wretched garret, which was attended by an old woman named Bourgon, who lived in an adjacent attic. Her protector set to work to teach Cosette to read, and she called him "Father." He spent hours in watching her dress and undress her doll and listening to her prattle. From this moment life appeared to him full of interest; men seemed to him good and just; he no longer reproached anyone in his thoughts, and perceived no reason why he should not live to a great age, now that this child loved him. He saw a future illumined by Cosette, as by a delicious light.

Jean Valjean was so prudent as never to go out by day; but in the evening he and Cosette would go and walk together, to her great joy, though they chose the most retired and squalid streets. Sometimes he went out alone, and by-and-bye the shy, silent man, in the old hat, yellow coat and black breeches, became notorious in the neighborhood for his furtive gifts to beggars. This came to the ears of the old woman who swept their room, and increased the curiosity which



THE CHILDREN OF THE INN

the other behavior of this pair had excited in her curious and spiteful mind. She peeped and questioned and pried, until once she saw a thousand-franc note, and came to believe the old yellow coat lined with them.

One of the beggars to whom Jean Valjean always gave a trifle was an old, bent man, who sat on the steps of a church. One night toward the end of winter, and about the time when the spiteful old woman had carried her spying to its utmost limit, he passed this old beggar and, as usual, stopped to give him a few sous, then gave a start at the face which looked up at him from the rags and whined out the usual thanks. It was like the familiar countenance and yet unlike. Jean Valjean fancied that he had seen by the flickering light of the lamp, not the placid



TAP-ROOM LOUNGERS AT THENARDIER'S

and devout countenance of the old beadle, but a terrifying and familiar face. He recoiled, amazed and petrified, not daring to breathe, and went home sorely troubled in mind. He hardly dared confess to himself that the face which he fancied he had seen was Javert's.

That night, having put all that he could carry into his pockets, he and Cosette quitted the house and turning from the boulevard entered the streets, making frequent turnings and often retracing steps to make sure they were not followed. The moon was at its full, and Valjean slipped along the dark side of the street,



THENARDIER FAILS TO RECOVER COSETTE

and cautiously watched the bright side. Cosette walked on without asking questions, for she was accustomed, not only to a hard fate, but to the singularities of her companion. He had no settled plan or scheme. He was not absolutely certain that it was Javert, but was resolved not to return to his attic, and, like an animal driven from its lair, simply sought a hole in which to hide himself until he could find a better lodging.

As the clock struck eleven he passed the police office in the Rue de Pontoise. A few minutes later instinct made him look round, and he distinctly saw three men, who were following him rather closely, pass under the office lamp. One of these men turned into the office, and another, who was in front, appeared to him decidedly suspicious.

"Come, child," he said to Cosette, and hastened out of the Rue de Pontoise. He made a circuit and eventually turned into the Rue des Postes. There was an open space here where the moon threw a bright light, and Jean Valjean hid himself in a doorway. Three minutes had not elapsed when the men appeared. There were now four of them, all tall, dressed in long brown coats and round hats, and holding large sticks in their hands. They stopped in the center of the square, and formed a group as if consulting, and apparently undecided. The leader turned and pointed with his right hand and Jean Valjean recognized Javert perfectly.

Uncertainty ceased for Jean Valjean; but fortunately it still lasted with the men. He took advantage of their hesitation. He left the gateway in which he was concealed and pushed on towards the region of the Jardin des Plantes. As Cosette was beginning to feel tired, he took her in his arms and carried her. No one was passing, and in a few strides he reached the Goblet pottery, skirted the Jardin des Plantes and reached the quay. At the Austerlitz bridge he handed the tollman a sou.



IN THE ATTIC

"It is two sous," said the man, "you are carrying a child who can walk."

He paid, though vexed that his passing had given rise to any remark.

After crossing the bridge, he saw a little at his right building-yards towards which he proceeded, Cosette walking again. In order to reach them he must cross an open, brilliantly-lighted space, out of which there led away a narrow, dark little street which seemed expressly made for him. At its entrance he looked back at the bridge, and saw that four shadows were crossing it rapidly toward him. He gave a start like an almost recaptured animal and hurried down the little street, hoping to pass through it into the sparsely settled suburbs.



THE MAISON GORBEAU

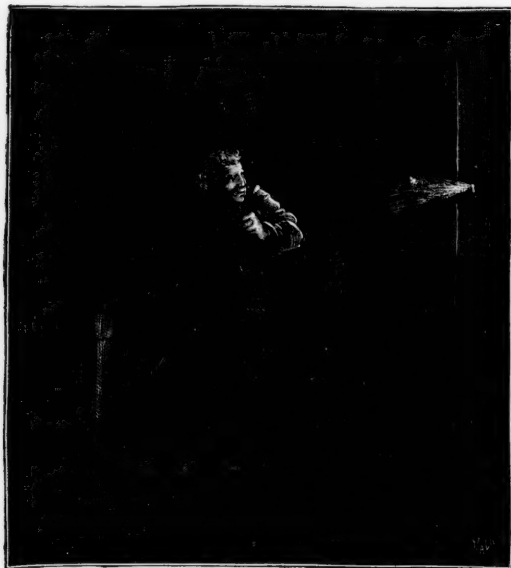
After going three hundred yards he came to a spot where the road formed two forks, and Jean Valjean had before him, as it were, the two branches of a Y. Which should he choose? He did not hesitate, but took the right one, because it went in the direction of the country. Still they did not walk very rapidly, for Cosette checked Jean Valjean's pace, and hence he began carrying her again, and Cosette laid her head on his shoulder and did not say a word. At times he looked back, while careful to keep on the dark side of the street. The first twice or thrice that he turned he saw nothing, the silence was profound, and he continued his walk with a little more confidence. All at once he fancied that he saw something moving on the dark part of the street just passed. He rushed forward, hoping to find some side-lane by which he could escape. He reached a wall, which, however, did not render further progress impossible, for it was a wall skirting a cross-lane, into which the street Jean Valjean had entered ran.

He looked to the right: the lane ran for some distance between barns or sheds, and then stopped. The end of the blind alley, a tall white wall was distinctly visible. To the left the lane was open and at a distance of about two hundred yards fell into a street. On that side safety lay. At the moment when Jean Valjean turned to his left in order to reach this street he saw at the angle formed by the street and the lane a species of black and motionless statue; it was evidently a man posted there to prevent him passing. The fugitives fell back.

The part of Paris where Jean Valjean now was, situated between the Faubourg San Antoine and la Rapee, was one of those which have been utterly transformed by modern works. The fields, the timber-yards, and old buildings have been removed, and in place of them are new wide streets, arenas, circuses, hippodromes, railway stations and a prison, Mazas—progress as we see with its corrective. Half a century back, the precise spot where Jean Valjean now stood was called "le Petit Picpus."



THE SUSPECTED BEGGAR



THE LIGHT THROUGH THE KEY-HOLE

Little Picpus then had almost the monastic look of a Spanish town. The streets were scarcely paved, and hardly any houses lined them. The quarter consisted of gardens, convents, lumber-yards and kitchen-grounds, and there were a few low houses, with walls as lofty as themselves, and here and there a wine-shop.

Of the Y of streets here, which has been mentioned, the left-hand branch was Petite Rue Picpus, and the right-hand branch Rue Polonceau. The two branches of the Y were joined at their summit by a sort of cross-bar called Rue Droitmur. To advance meant falling into a sentry's clutches; to fall back was to throw himself into Javert's arms. Jean Val-

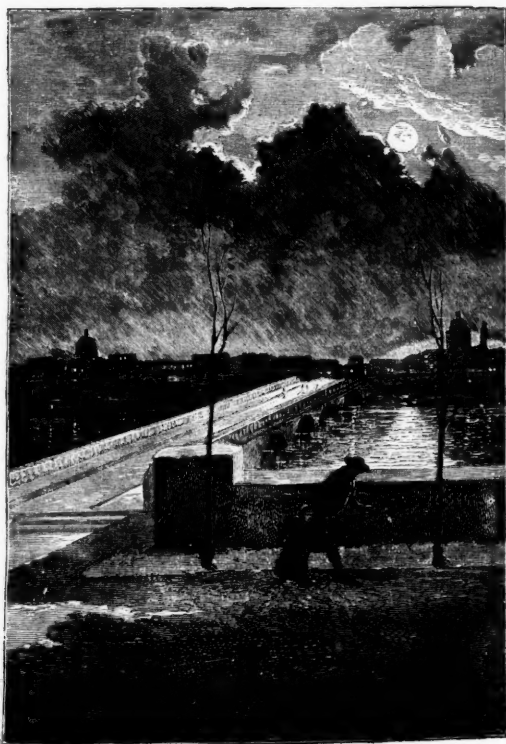
jean felt himself caught in a net which was being slowly hauled in, and looked up to Heaven in despair.

It was here that Jean Valjean was, when, on perceiving the tall black shadow, standing on watch at the corner of the Rue Droit-mur and the Petite Rue Picpus, he fell back, for he was doubtless watched by this phantom. What was to be done? He had no time to retrograde, for what he had seen moving in the shadow in his rear a few moments previously, was, of course, Javert and his squad.

The lane out of the Rue Polonceau, which has been mentioned—a prolongation of Rue Droit-mur—was bounded by ancient edifices, and terminated in a high wall resting against a tall, gloomy and apparently empty building, with only a single window in the gable. A hurried examination showed him that it would



THE NEW DOLL



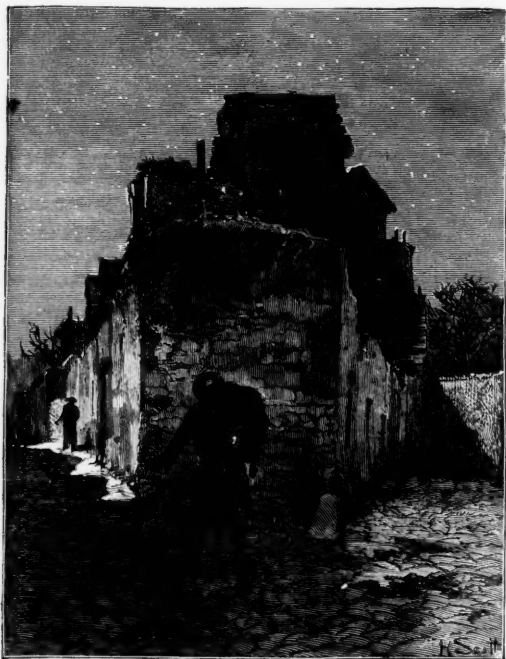
THE BRIDGE OF AUSTERLITZ

be impossible to scale this front to the window, and even if he could do so he would surely be observed. There was a great gate in the wall, over which he could see the branches of a tree, but this gate proved to be only a make-believe—it was walled up behind its old planks.

At this moment a hollow, cadenced sound began to grow audible, and, peeping around the corner, Jean Valjean perceived that seven or eight soldiers were entering the street. These soldiers, at the head of whom he distinguished Javert's tall form, advanced slowly and cautiously, exploring all corners, doorways and alleys. Judging from the pace at which they marched and the halts they made, they would require about a quarter of an hour to reach the spot where Jean Valjean was. It was a frightful thought—a few moments sep-

arated Jean Valjean from the awful precipice which yawned before him for the third time. And the galleys were now not merely the galleys, but Cosette lost forever; that is to say, a life resembling the interior of a tomb.

Only one thing was now possible. Jean Valjean, as a convict, had become a perfect master in the incredible art of raising himself, without a ladder, by the mere muscular strength of holding on by shoulders and knees, in the right-angle of a wall. He measured with his eye this wall before him, above which he saw the linden tree, and found that it was only about eighteen feet. But the difficulty was Cosette, for she could not climb a wall. Abandon her? Jean Valjean did not think of it, but where was he to find a rope? The man's desperate glance fell on the lamp-post in the blind alley. In those days there were no gas-lights in the



AT THE Y OF STREETS

streets of Paris; at nightfall lamps were lit, except on moonlit nights, like this one, at regular distances, which were pulled up and down by a rope that crossed the street and fitted into a groove, in a post; the end of the rope was kept in an iron box under the lantern. Jean Valjean leaped across the street, burst the lock of the box with the point of his knife, and a moment later was again by Cosette's side.

"Father," she whispered, "I am frightened; who is coming?"

"Silence," the unhappy man replied, "it is Madame Thenardier."

The child trembled, and he added, "Do not say a word, but leave me to act; if you cry out or sob, she will catch you and take you back again."

Then, without hurry, but with a firm and sharp precision, he undid his cravat, fastened it under Cosette's armpits, fastened the rope to the cravat, took the other end in his teeth, took off his shoes and stockings, which he threw over the wall, and began raising himself in the corner of the wall with as much certainty as if he had cramping irons under his heels and elbows. Half a minute had not elapsed ere he was astride the coping and Cosette heard his low voice telling her to lean against the wall. She obeyed and felt herself lifted from the ground and in a moment found herself safe on the top.

Jean Valjean placed her on his back, and crawled along the wall to a building inside it, whose roof descended nearly to the ground, grazing the linden tree.

He had just reached the sloping roof, and had not yet loosed his hold of the coping, when a violent uproar announced the arrival of the patrol, and he heard Javert's thundering voice:

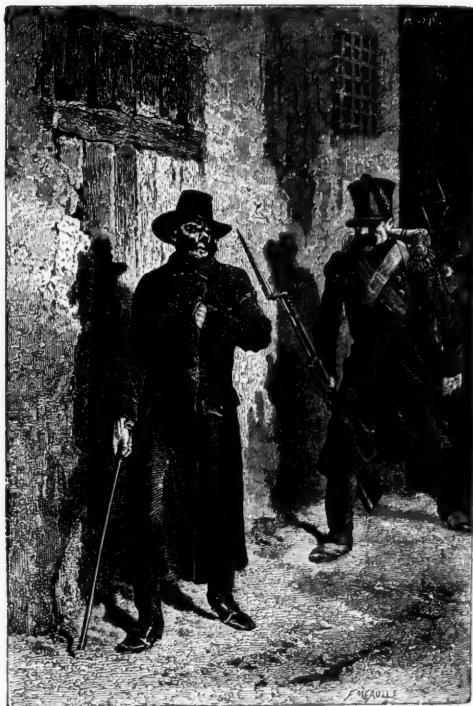
"Search the blind alley; all the streets are guarded, and I will wager that he is in it."

The soldiers rushed forward. Jean Valjean slipped down the roof, reached the linden tree, and leapt on the ground. Either through terror or courage the child had not said a word.

CHAPTER X

A PLACE OF MYSTERY

JEAN VALJEAN found himself in a large garden of most singular appearance—one of those gloomy gardens that appear made to be looked at in the winter, or by night. The large and seemingly vacant edifice of the Rue Droitmur had two façades looking into this garden at right angles, and



JAVERT AND THE PATROL



THE CUL DE SAC GENROT

these façades were even more melancholy than those outside. All the windows were barred, and not a single light could be seen, while at the upper window there were scuttles as in prisons.

Jean Valjean's first care was to put on his shoes and stockings and then enter a shed which he saw near by. The noise and oaths of the baffled patrol gradually ceased, and the solitude in which he presently found himself was so strangely calm, that the furious uproar so lately close at hand did not even cast the shadow of a trouble over it.

All at once a new sound burst forth; a heavenly, divine, ineffable sound, as ravishing as the other had been horrible. It was a hymn that issued from

the darkness, a dazzling blending of prayer and harmony in the dark and fearful silence of the night; female voices, but such voices as do not belong to earth, and resemble those which the dying begin to hear. This chant came from the gloomy building that commanded the garden, and it seemed like a choir of angels approaching in the dark. Cosette and Jean Valjean fell on their knees, for they knew not what it was, they knew not where they were. The singing ceased; all had become silent again; there was no sound in the garden, no sound in the street; all that that threatened, all that that reassured, had faded away. The ground was damp, the shed open on all sides, and the man took off his coat and wrapped Cosette up in it to shield her against the cutting wind. Then he

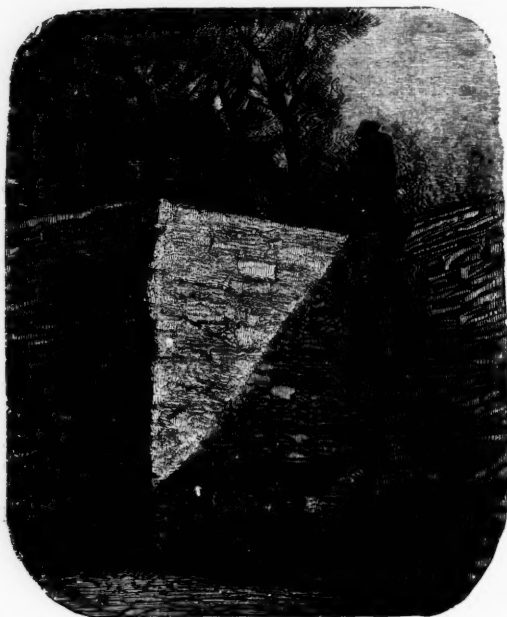
bade her lie down and wait for him a minute. He left the shed and walked along the large building in search of some better shelter. He came to doors, but they were closed, and there were bars on all the ground-floor windows.

After passing the inner angle of the edifice he noticed some arched windows, and perceived a faint light. He raised himself on tip-toe and looked through one of the windows. They all belonged to a large hall, paved with stone flags, in which nothing could be discerned except a little light and great shadows.

What was this strange house? An edifice full of nocturnal mystery, calling souls in the darkness, with the voice of angels, and when they arrive, suddenly offering them this frightful vision; promising to open the bright gate of Heaven, and instead, opening the horrible gate of the tomb! Cold, anxiety, apprehension, and, the emotion of the night, brought on a real fever, and all the man's ideas were con-



THE GREAT CROSS OF THE CHAPEL

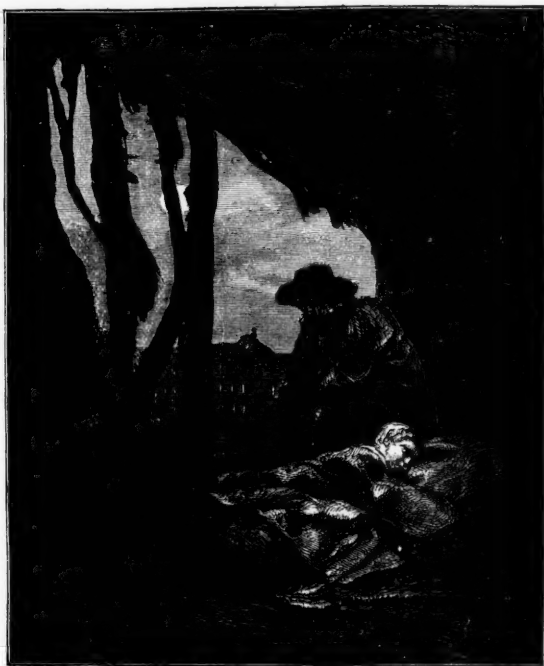


IN THE CORNER OF THE WALL

fused in his brain. He went back to Cosette; she was asleep with her head upon a stone. He sat down by her side and began gazing at her; gradually, as he looked, he grew calm and regained possession of his freedom of mind.

He clearly perceived this truth, the basis of his future life, that, so long as she was there, so long as he had her by his side, he would require nothing except for her, nor fear anything save on her account. Still,

through the reverie into which he had fallen, he had heard for some time past a singular noise, like a bell being rung, and it was in the garden. It could be heard distinctly, though faintly, and resembled the Alpine cattle-bells, which produce a gentle melody at night in the grazing fields. This noise made Jean Valjean turn, and he saw that there was some one in the garden. A being looking like a man was walking among the melon-frames, rising, stooping, and stopping with regular movements, as if he was dragging or stretching out something on the ground. This man was apparently lame. Jean Valjean gave the continual trembling start of the unhappy.



WAITING IN THE OLD SHED

Just now he had shuddered because the garden was deserted, and now he shuddered because there was some one in it. He gently raised the sleeping child and carried her behind a mass of old furniture. Cosette did not stir. From this spot he observed the movements of the being in the melon-ground. The strange thing was the sound of the bell following this man's every motion. If he made a sudden movement a little peal followed it, and it was evident that a bell was fastened to his body—but why? While asking himself this question he touched Cosette's hand: it was chilled. He shook her sharply, but she did not awake.

"Can she be dead?" he said to himself, and he rose, shivering from head to foot.

The most frightful thoughts crossed his mind pell-mell. He remembered that sleep in the open air on a cold night might be fatal. How was he to warm her? How was he to wake her? It was absolutely necessary that Cosette should be in bed before a fire within a quarter of an hour.

Jean Valjean rushed from the shed and walked straight up to the man who...

he now saw was covering the melons, and addressed him with the cry, "One hundred francs."

The man started and raised his eyes.

"One hundred francs to be gained," Jean Valjean continued, "if you will find me a shelter for the night."

"Why, is it you, Father Madeleine!" the man exclaimed.

The name uttered thus in the darkness at this strange spot, by this strange man, made Jean Valjean recoil for he expected everything save that. The man who addressed him was a stooping, lame old man, dressed nearly like a peasant, and wearing on his left leg a leathern kneecap, from which hung a rather large bell. It was impossible to distinguish his face, which was in the shadow; still the man had doffed his bonnet and said all in a tremor:

"Oh, Lord, how did you get here, Father Madeleine? which way did you come in? Why, you must have fallen from Heaven. And then, what a state you are in! you have no cravat, no hat, and no coat! But how *did* you get in here?"

One word did not wait for the next; the old man spoke with a rustic volubility in which there was nothing alarming; and it was all said with a mixture of stupefaction and simple kindness.



FAUCHELEVENT COVERING HIS MELONS



THE CONFERENCE IN THE COTTAGE

"Who are you? and what is this house?" Jean Valjean asked.

"Oh, Lord," the old man exclaimed; "that is too strong. Why, did you not get me the situation, and in this house, too? What, don't you recognize me?"

"No," said Jean Valjean, "and how is it that you know me?"

"You saved my life," the man said.

He turned, a moonbeam played on his face, and Jean Valjean recognized old Fauchelevant.

"Ah!" he said, "it is you? Oh, now I recognize you."

"That is lucky," the old man observed, reproachfully.

"And what are you doing here?" Jean Valjean asked.

"Why, I am covering my melons. I said to myself, there is a bright moon

and it is going to freeze, so I had better put these great coats"—showing his blankets of matting—"on my melons. You should have done the same."

Jean Valjean, feeling himself known by this man, at least under an old name, proceeded cautiously.

"And what is that bell?"

Old Fauchelevent gave an inimitable wink. "That? Oh, Lord, there are only women in this house, and lots of girls. It seems that I should be a dangerous one for them to meet, and so the bell warns them: when I come, they go."

"What is this house?"

"It is the Convent of the Little Picpus. But tell me," Fauchelevent continued, "how the deuce did you get here, Father Madeleine? for, though you are a saint, you are a man, and no men are admitted here."

Jean Valjean walked close up to the gardener and said in a grave tone; "Fauchelevent, I saved your life."

"I was the first to remember it," was the reply.

"Well, you can do for me to-day what I did for you formerly."



A WINE-SHOP IN THE LITTLE PICPUS



THE CEMETERY GATE

Fauchelevent grasped Jean Valjean's muscular hands in his old wrinkled and trembling fingers, and for some seconds seemed as if unable to speak; at length he exclaimed—

"Oh! it would be a blessing from Heaven if I could repay you a slight portion! Save your life! M. Madeleine you can dispose of an old man as you please. What do you wish me to do?"

"I will explain; have you a room in which I can get warm?"

"I have a cottage, behind the ruins of the old convent in a corner which no one visits, with three rooms."

"Good," said Jean Valjean; "now I will ask two things of you. First, that you will tell nobody what you know about me; and, secondly, that you will not try to learn anything further."

"As you please."

"Enough; now come with me, and we will go and fetch the child."

He did not add a word, but followed Jean Valjean as a dog follows its master. In less than half an hour, Cosette, who had become rosy again by the heat of a good fire, was asleep in the old gardener's bed. Jean Valjean had put on his cravat and coat again; the hat thrown over the wall had been found and picked up, and Fauchelevent took off his kneecap and bell, which now adorned the wall by the side of a door. The two men were seated near the fire at a table on which Fauchelevent had placed a lump of cheese, biscuits, a bottle of wine, and two glasses, and the old man said to Jean Valjean as he laid his hand on his knee—

"Ah, Father Madeleine! you did not recognize me at once; you save people's lives and forget them afterwards! Oh, that is wrong, for they remember you; you are an ungrateful man."

And what about Javert? For once he had committed an error. It is needless to relate the chain of circumstances by which he had been led to suspect, and later to become convinced, that the man he pursued was really the Jean Valjean whom everybody supposed drowned at Toulon. He was wrong in not arresting him in the Rue Pontoise; and again in conferring with his colleagues in the moonlight.

Nevertheless, even when he perceived that the quarry had escaped from his net, he did not lose his head. Certain that the convict could not be very far off, he established ambuscades, and beat up the quarter the whole night through. The first thing he saw was the cut cord of the lantern. This was a valuable sign, which, however, led him astray so far that it made him turn all his attention to the Genrot blind alley. There are in this alley low walls, surrounding gardens which skirt open fields, and Jean Valjean had evidently fled in that direction. The truth is, that if he had gone a little further down the blind alley he would, in all probability have done so, and been a lost man.

(To be continued)



THE CONVENT GARDEN



THE HOUR OF EXERCISE

A RAMBLE IN OLD VENICE

By BARNET PHILLIPS

With original illustrations by J. Charles Arter.

THE vender of lemonade was doing a fair business, that is for Venice. He deserved a larger custom, for he was courteous in words, elegant in pose. If his lemonade was a trifle acid, lemons being cheaper in Venice than is sugar, and if dilute, water being plentiful, he talked so sweetly that his beverage might have become saccharine by sheer absorption; and he kept on talking, and when no one was near his little stand, he apostrophized the pigeons. The pigeons knew him well. Like every Venetian, high or low, he respected the pigeons of St. Mark's, and sometimes when his business was concluded, as the pigeons remembered, it was his habit to shake out the boxes of his table on the stone pavement, and then there were fragments of that peculiarly dry, chippy cake which the Venetians eat,



and that pigeons delight in.

No wonder Mr. Arter was attracted; and one may suppose that just as the lemonade-man stood the artist sketched him, taking position on one side of a column, and the lemonade-vender caught the painter in the act, and so he struck an attitude and kept to it, offering a glass to supposititious thirsty persons, and a girl on a balcony was interested in the scene, and smiled on artist and model. Then the painter boldly advanced and demanded a glass, and critically examined the pinky fluid, but did not drink it. He put down a franc on the table, and walked away, asking for no change. It was a day of marvelous profit to the dispenser of lemonade.

Then, let us surmise, the painter stowed away his sketch, and taking a gondola bade his boatman seek uttermost Venice. As the boat threaded the dark canal there was heard the vigorous rasping of a guitar, and here was another topic. Tito, the gondolier, was quick to appreciate the faintest gesture, and so in an instant the speed of the boat was checked. The artist was musical enough to understand that his new subject was an enthusiast. It was with a vigorous hand and a muscular arm that the instrument was held and the



PINK LEMONADE



THERE COME THE BOATS



TUNING UP

strings were sounded. It was not a professional musician that was handling that guitar. The painter was dilettante, and only appreciative of the intensity of the performer. If he were a blacksmith or a boiler-maker, how he would have wielded the hammer! But then the performer suddenly sang. The voice was better than the accompaniment. It was round, full, sonorous and it drowned the vibrations of the strings. Then the painter found fault with the limitations of his art, for, as he said, "St. Cecilia poses; her organ is silent, her voice is mute. She is about to play or to sing, and that is all; we depict the preparation for action, the act itself escapes us."

Now he bethought himself of his Breton sketches; of the three women he had drawn, and how one of them, tall, imposing, held herself somewhat



BRETON FISH-WIVES



IN CHIOGGIA, VENICE

aloof. After a while he had asked about her, "What had happened to that woman?"

"The saddest thing in a woman's life," was the answer. "She was a brave child, and five years ago her betrothed left her. An excellent lad, and it was his last voyage to Newfoundland and—"

"And he never came back?" asked the artist.

"Never. There were no tidings of the fishing-smack, nor will there be. Resignation comes in time. *Le Bon Dieu* wills it so. So says the good curé."

This artist had lived for a while in a Breton auberge, among the fisher-folk and had enjoyed all their privileges. He would have deemed the people dull, never



NEWS IN THE KITCHEN

giving away to their emotions, rather a race apart from the French. They were ignorant, stolid, bigoted may be, but then so honest and industrious! He recalled a scene he once saw in a smoky kitchen of the auberge.

It was always of the sea these folks were talking. There was the maid-of-all-work, who toiled from morning to night, so that she might scrape together a few francs for her wedding-dress. She, too, had a lad on the seas. Months had passed and she had never heard from him. Then there came a letter, and she could not read it. The stable-boy was a scholar, and so he spelt out the letter aloud, and it told how Pierre was all right, and sailing homewards and had saved money and might be in the village within the week. And Clare stood stock still,



A VENETIAN BOAT-LANDING

never moved nor showed a sign, but a copper pot fell on the tiled floor with a crash.

Away past Venice sped the gondola towards Chioggia. Chioggia maybe was the birthplace of Venice in the remote past. It is nothing but a fishing-town now, with more women than men, for the husbands and sons are away following the sea. They have some curious old ways there. When a young man tells a girl that she is to be his wife, she puts aside all the ornaments she has ever worn, and accepts from the man two rings. These he puts on her first finger. She never may take them off. He may go to sea, never return, be dead, or false to her, but she must always keep her rings. If he weds her, there is a third ring to be given her. Should the girl die before her marriage, the worst of sacrileges would be to strip her of her betrothal rings. They are buried with her.



These Chioggia women are of a singular race. They are a trifle taller than ordinary Italian womanhood, and though so near to Venice affect a different dress. They are very pious, and the water-side is dotted with shrines. At Chioggia there was material not for one sketch, but for a dozen. That girl with a bunch of greenery was of exquisite gracefulness, as she walked down the rickety steps of her house. Her eyes were intent on a shrine built beyond the water's edge. Evidently she was waiting for some one to take her to that shrine. "Now dare I, Tito, offer her a passage?" asks the artist, as he quickly sketched her.

"I might do it, your honor, if I were alone, but your presence forbids it. These Chiosottes are queer, vindictive to a degree, not civilized, not people of the world, as we are in Venice. Even if your honor is not exactly a Christian, as we understand

it, the carrying of that tribute to a shrine might be excused, but we may not give room in our craft to that girl. That might lead your honor to—" Tito ended his speech with a Venetian pantomime, drawing his forefinger rapidly across his brown throat, and rolling up the whites of his eyes.



The day passed rapidly, and homewards went the gondola, past Murazzi, Malamocco, Pelestrina. Then

as evening closed, and Venice swam in the golden sea, there were many new and beautiful things to note.

The voyagers were now no longer in a lordly quarter, where loomed up the old palaces, but in the poor portions, the narrower, less frequented canals, of the wonderful city, where little domestic scenes were to be found. One was of a detached kitchen on the water-side, with the nattiest of cooks. She

had left her pots bubbling on the furnace, and stood on the water's edge as if impatiently waiting. Was it Parmesan cheese which was not at hand for her macaroni? Had the grocer's lad failed her? Was it the fish that had not been forthcoming; or was it the husband or lover who was not punctual? Every now and then she would return to her stewpans, give them a shake, and then hurry back to the canal.

"What is it, Tito?" the artist asked, "what can that pretty woman be waiting for?"

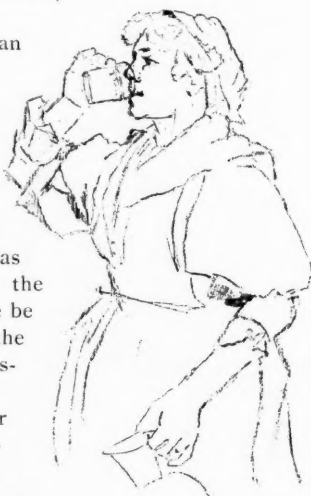
Tito replied, with an old Venetian maxim,

something like one of the sayings of the infidel Turk: "A jockey is the last person to ask about the defects of a horse, and as to a woman, neither the Prophet, may his name be blessed, nor all the Imaums pretend to discern her ways!"

There were other studies to be made, isolated figures, and heads, covered with handker-

chiefs and shawls, and finally there were two real gems.

With her face directly to the sun, and a shrine behind her, stood the perfect modern Venetian woman, shading her face with her fan; and there, close to the great church, was a graceful figure holding a pliant stick across its shoulders. The hands had imparted a curve to the supple wand, and on that, half perching, half fluttering, was one of the pigeons of St. Mark's.



That inspiration, the most supreme man ever can conceive, comes when he lands late of a moonlight night, at the foot of the place of St. Mark's. There never was conceived such a combination of nature and art. The broad expanse of water rolls beyond, with just now and then a phosphorescent gleam; before, stretches out the grand square, with the church in the background,



A SHRINE IN VENICE

and on both sides are the solemn buildings. There never was such a frame or such a setting. It is all the better if it be seen during the small hours of the night, for then, save a few belated ones, there are no passers-by,—even the pigeons have gone to roost.

Venice, though there is no rattle of wheels, is far from being a noiseless city. Somehow Venice is an assertive place. Even if a Venetian is apparently dumb, for the nonce, when he breaks forth into pantomime, he seems to be aggressively noisy. Street-venders howl and the tendency to chatter and bawl seems universal. But here, within this place of St. Mark's, there is almost, but not quite, a sacred silence.

"It is so trite," said the artist, "to call architecture frozen music, but here you needs must listen, for dulcet-like there is a symphony in an undertone—and may not the eye and ear be in closest sympathy?"



A DOVE OF ST. MARK'S



DENDROBIUM NOBILE

FLOWERS OF THE AIR

By LENNIE GREENLEE

Illustrated from photographs of natural flowers by Pitcher and Manda.

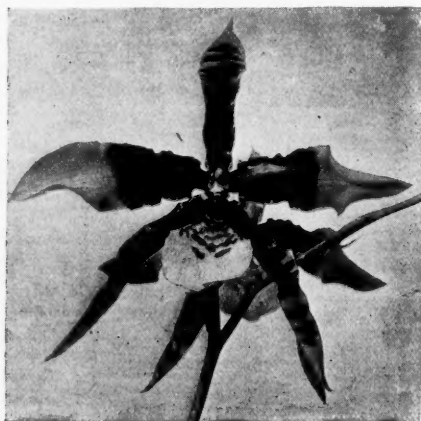
SOMETHING of wonder and mystery is ever attached to the orchid, whether it be a white odontoglossum, spreading its glossy sprays amid an aristocratic collection in a great conservatory, or a shy, rosy calypso, happy in the green twilight of deep woods.

In addition to their beauty, the odd growth of the plants, the cost and rarity of choice varieties, the risks run by collectors to obtain them, the strange stories of the far-off climes from which they come, all are potent in the spell of enchantment folded within their petals and breathed out in their rich, spicy perfume.

None of the tropical spoils yet captured for temperate zones have proved such a pure source of pleasure to lovers of rare flowers, or contributed to the science and literature of botany so priceless a chapter as have the orchids. Their

high-bred air, curious, jewel-like flowers, and strangely bright and blended colors, have given them the name of "royal flowers" among many of their admirers; while others, studying more deeply their complex structure and meaning, have called them "spiritual flowers." A drooping or floating spray of white cœlogyne, with pure, transparent petals, like tremulous folded wings, is in itself sufficient to justify the latter name.

Orchids are among the most diverse of all plants, showing almost every conceivable variation in form, color, and marking of the flowers, and in habit and habitat. The flowers owe half their charm to their fanciful ir-



THE BABY ORCHID: ODONTOGLOSSUM GRANDE

regularity. The curious shapes assumed by many resemble different forms of animal life so much that we have a number of popular names for them, such as "dove orchid," "baby orchid," "butterfly orchid," etc.

For botanists the chief interest of an orchid lies in its wonderful structure with regard to fertilization. It required Mr. Darwin's volume of five hundred pages upon "the various contrivances by which orchids are fertilized by insects," to explain how the flowers are provided with means to prevent their being fertilized with their own pollen, and how their channels, curtains, trap-doors and bridges guide insects dusted with pollen from other flowers of the same species straight past an adhesive stigma, waiting to capture it, on their way to the coveted honey-cells in the heart of the blossom.

The leaves and roots of orchids are also peculiarly interesting. The former are usually thick and stiff, with smooth margins and a shining surface. At their base, above the soil, green, bulb-like bodies frequently grow so thickly that the whole top of the pot or basket is covered with them. These are called pseudo-bulbs, or false bulbs. The real roots are not always bulb-like, but so many of them are that the family's name is derived from that fact. Among air-growing orchids it causes astonishment to novices to follow a long, glittering, pendant spray of flowers up its stem, and find the roots bare, excepting a morsel of moss wrapped round them, growing upon a dry block.

The two great branches of the orchid "family-tree" are the epiphytes, "flowers of the air," and the terrestrial orchids, a class "none too bright or good" to draw its sustenance directly from the earth. The former live like bright-plumaged birds among the tree-tops of tropical forests, while many of the latter are native to temperate and cold climates.



THE IVORY ORCHID: *ANGRAECUM SESQUIPEDALE*



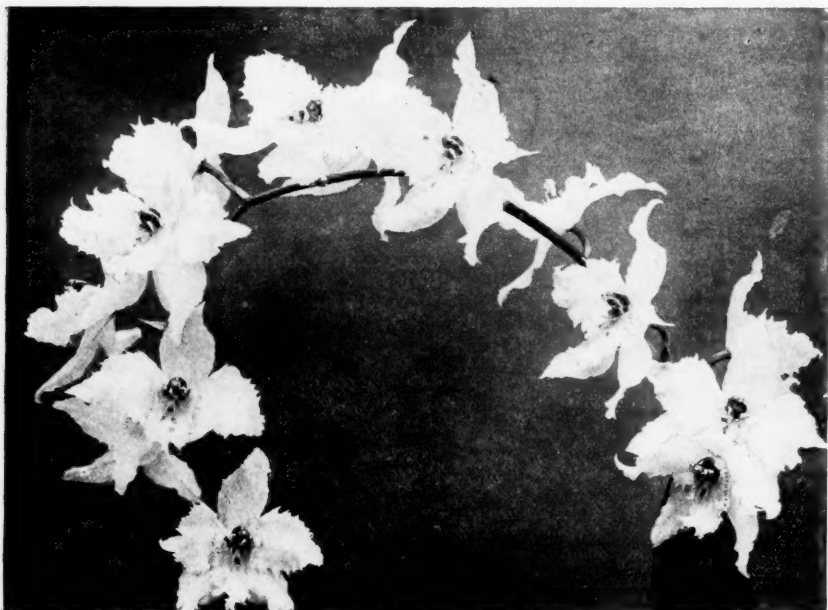
THE LADDER ORCHID: *CYCLOPOGON DAYANA*



THE OWL ORCHID: ZYGOPETALUM MACKAYI

It is to the epiphytes, then, that the greater part of the family-tree belongs, since they grow upon it in such large families as to completely cover it sometimes. Although they cling close to the bark with their stout roots, most of their sustenance is derived from the warm, moist air. A "windfall" in the tropics may thus mean to the collector of orchids a fortune in the bulbs of some rare species dislodged from their lofty perch, or still clinging to the prostrate branches.

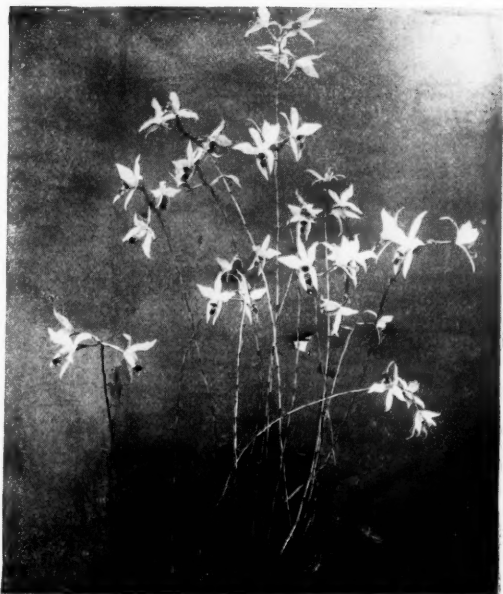
All the brightness of these dense forests is near the sky—the glint of gorgeous birds and flowers, the warm, languorous perfumes, the hum of bees and the chatter of monkeys. Down below, in the gloom of the dim aisles of massive trunks, where dark shapes of sharp-eyed and sharp-toothed carnivora lurk, the silence is broken and the dusk is brightened only by an occasional lilt of a bird's song, falling flower-petals,



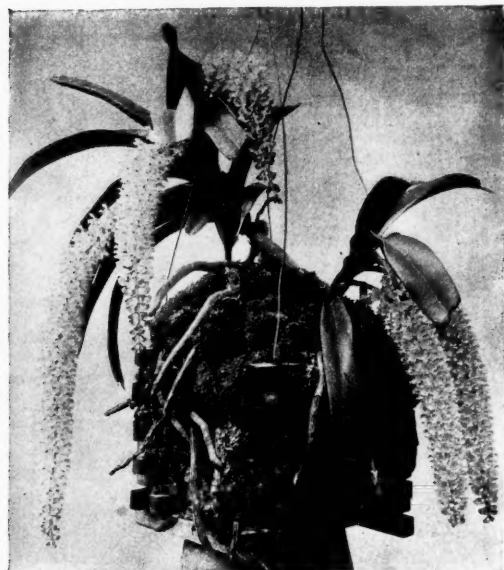
ODONTOGLOSSUM CRISPUM

and now and then a kindly ray of sunshine.

Some idea of the beauty with which orchids clothe their native forest may be had from the notes of a collector along the Amazon. The canoe had turned from the river into the quiet waters of an igarape, the oarsmen seeking a camping-place for the night. "On our right the boughs of trees drooping to the water's edge were laden with thousands of brassavolas all in full bloom. Some of the masses were many feet in diameter, and the long pseudo-bulbs hid all the forest-growth. The branches were white with the delicate sprays of countless spotless flowers, and the air heavy with their rich fragrance. On the other bank of the stream some acci-



LELIA ANCEPS



A FOUR-LIPPED ORCHID: *SACCOLABUM PREMORSUM*

dent had killed the trees, and clinging close to every inch of surface on the branches and trunks were small bromeliads, their rich scarlet bracts out-dazzling the sunshine. As far as the eye could reach this brave contrast was presented; on one side the soft, snowy cloud of fringed brassavolas, on the other the gleaming scarlet bromeliads. There was no intermingling—not a gleam of scarlet on one bank, not a flake of white on the other." A collection of orchids cannot be procured, like a stock of bedding-plants, from seeds, cuttings or division; these processes, though fascinating and much practiced, are far too slow to satisfy the present demand. The only practical way to secure "orchids for the million" is to send collectors into tropical forests, where great



ONCIDIUM GARDNERI

with the purple deepened on the lip; yet, estimating the value of the two grossly in ducats and dollars, plants of the former sell for a dollar apiece, while five hundred dollars or more would cheerfully be paid for the latter by a collector.

Blue is one of the rarest colors in orchids, and *Vanda cœrulea*, with large flowers of clear sky-blue, upon spikes a foot or more long, is another general favorite. The dendrobiums, too, are remarkable for the velvety, eye-like spots which give their dainty sprays of flowers the same knowing human look so marked in the face of the pansy. Perhaps the very oddest of all orchids in form is *Angræcum sesquipedale*, with long-spurred, thick, stiff, white flowers, that look as if carved from ivory. The odontoglossums are all noted for the exceeding grace and beauty of their long curving sprays.

aerial gardens of them have been forming for centuries, to bring the plants home alive. By far the greater number of plants in cultivation are direct importations, and it is more than probable that the rich flowers which decorated your dinner-table yesterday were cut from cattleyas that once grew in Colombia, vandas from the Khassian hills, or odontoglossums from the slopes of the Andes.

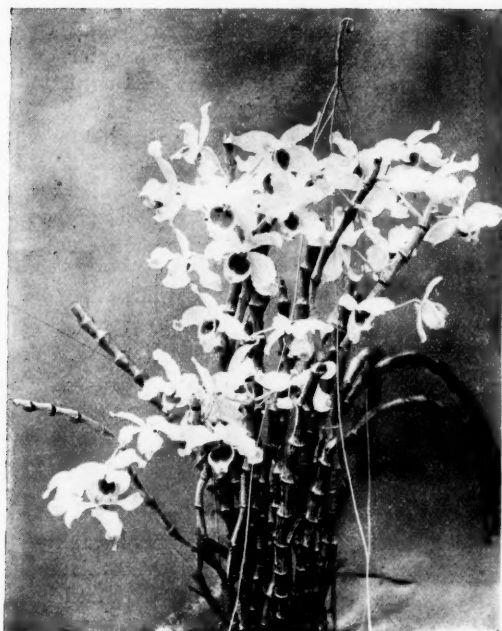
A great favorite with buyers of cut orchids is *Cattleya Trianae*, with wide sepals and petals of rosy mauve, an orange-yellow disk and a velvety purple lip. To the uninitiated this gayly colored variety would probably seem more attractive than the same form of flower having petals of pure white,



DENDROBIUM THYRSIFLORUM



A BUNCH OF MILTONIAS



DENDROBIUM WARDIANUM



VANDA AMESIANA

Fifty or sixty years ago there were but few fine collections of orchids, and the best varieties were practically unknown except to students of botany. Now of the five thousand or more species accredited to the family more than two thousand are in cultivation, with varieties and subvarieties so continually multiplied by

hybridizing and the discoveries of collectors that the record of them becomes baffling. Some sorts are still valued far above rubies; others, once as precious, are now displayed in every florist's window, and are beginning to be cultivated in private houses, since these "flowers of the air" thrive easily under intelligent culture.

GLIMPSES OF "DREAM-LIFE"

BY IK MARVEL

With original illustrations by Corwin K. Linson.

PSHAW!—said my Aunt Tabithy—have you not done with dreaming?

My Aunt Tabithy, though an excellent and most notable person, loves occasionally a quiet bit of satire. And when I told her that I was sharpening my pen for a new story of those dreamy fancies, and half-experiences, which lie grouped along the journeying hours of my solitary life, she smiled as if in derision.

It is very idle to get angry with a good-natured old lady: I did better than this: I made her listen to me.

Exhausted, do you say, Aunt Tabithy? Is life then exhausted, is hope gone out, is fancy dead?

No, no, Aunt Tabithy—this life of musing does not exhaust so easily. It is like the springs on the farm-land, that are fed with all the showers and the dews of the year, and that from the narrow fissures of the rock send up streams continually. Dream-land will never be exhausted until we enter on

the land of dreams; and until, in "shuffling off this mortal coil," thought will become fact and all facts will be only thought.

It was warm weather, and my aunt was dozing. "What is this all to be about?" said she, recovering her knitting-needle.

"About love, and toil, and duty, and sorrow," said I.

My aunt finished the needle she was upon—smoothed the stocking-leg over her knee, and went on to ask me in a very bantering way, if my stock of youthful loves was not nearly exhausted.

A better man than myself—if he had only a fair share of vanity—would have been nettled at this; and I replied somewhat tartly, that I had never professed to write my expe-



"PSHAW! SAID MY AUNT TABITHY"



"ISAAC, YOU ARE A SAD FELLOW"

riences. Life after all is but a bundle of hints, each suggesting actual and positive development, but rarely reaching it. And as I recall these hints, and in fancy, trace them to their issues, I am as truly dealing with life, as if my life had dealt them all to me.

This is what I would be doing in the present book;—I would catch up here and there the shreds of feeling, which the brambles and roughnesses of the world have left tangling on my heart, and weave them out into those soft and perfect tissues, which—if the world had been only a little less rough—might now perhaps enclose my heart altogether.

"Ah," said my Aunt Tabithy, as she smoothed the stocking-leg again, with a sigh—"there is after all but one youth-time; and if you put down its memories once, you can find no second growth."

My Aunt Tabithy was wrong. There is as much growth in the thoughts and feelings that run behind us, as in those that run before us. You may make a rich, full picture of your childhood to-day; but let the hour go by, and the darkness stoop to your pillow with its million shapes of the past, and my word for it, you shall have some flash of childhood lighten upon you that was unknown to your busiest thought of the morning.

I know no nobler forage-ground for a romantic, venturesome, mischievous boy,

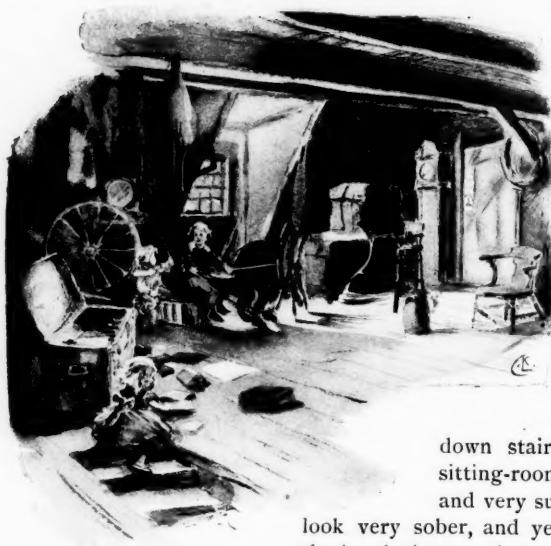


"THE JUSTICE OF THE PEACE"



"MY AUNT WAS DOZING"

than the garret of an old family mansion on a day of storm. It is a perfect field of chivalry. There is great fun in groping through a tall barrel of books and pamphlets, on the look-out for startling pictures; and there are chestnuts in the garret, drying, which you have discovered on a ledge of the chimney; and you slide a few into your pocket, and munch them quietly—giving now and then one to Nelly, and begging her to keep silent;—for you have a



"A PERFECT FIELD OF CHIVALRY"

ing eyes forbid it utterly, and the mother spoils all her scolding with a perfect shower of kisses.

After this, you go marching, very stately, into the nursery; and utterly amaze the old nurse; and make a deal of wonderment for the staring, half-frightened baby, who drops his rattle, and makes a bob at you, as if he would jump into your waistcoat pocket.

You have looked admiringly many a day upon the tall fellows who play at the door of Dr. Bidlow's school; you have looked with reverence. Dr. Bidlow seems to you to belong to a



"THERE IS AFTER ALL BUT ONE YOUTH-TIME"

great fear of its being forbidden fruit.

Old family garrets have their stock, as I said, of cast-away clothes, of twenty years gone by; and it is rare sport to put them on; buttoning in a pillow or two for the sake of good fulness; and then to trick out Nelly in some strange-shaped head-gear and old-fashioned brocade petticoat caught up with pins; and in such guise, to steal cautiously

down stairs, and creep slyly into the sitting-room—half afraid of a scolding, and very sure of good fun;—trying to

look very sober, and yet almost ready to die with the laugh that you know you will make. And your mother tries to look harshly at little Nelly for putting on her grandmother's best bonnet; but Nelly's laugh-



"TRICKED OUT"

race of giants; and yet he is a spare, thin man, with a hooked nose, a large, flat, gold watch-key, a crack in his voice, a wig, and very dirty wristbands.

You, however, come very little under his control; you enter upon the proud life in the small-boys' department—under the dominion of the English master. He is a dif-

ferent personage from Dr. Bidlow: he is a dapper, little man, who twinkles his eye in a peculiar fashion, and steps very springily around behind the benches, glancing now and then at the books—cautioning one scholar about his dog's ears, and startling another from a doze by a very loud and odious snap of his forefinger upon the boy's head.

There are some tall trees that overshadow an angle of the school-house; and the larger scholars play surprising gymnastic tricks upon their lower limbs.



"OLD BID"

ing out upon the cheerful sunshine, only through the windows of your little room. Yet it seems a grand thing to have the whole household attendant upon you; and when you groan with pain, you are sure of meeting sad, sympathizing looks.

To visit, is a great thing in the boy-calendar:—to go away on a visit in a coach, with a trunk, and a great-



"LONG, WEARY DAYS OF CONFINEMENT"

In time, however, you get to performing some modest experiments yourself upon the very lowest limbs,—taking care to avoid the observation of the larger boys, who else might laugh at you: you especially avoid the notice of one stout fellow in pea-green breeches, who is a sort of "bully" among the small boys.

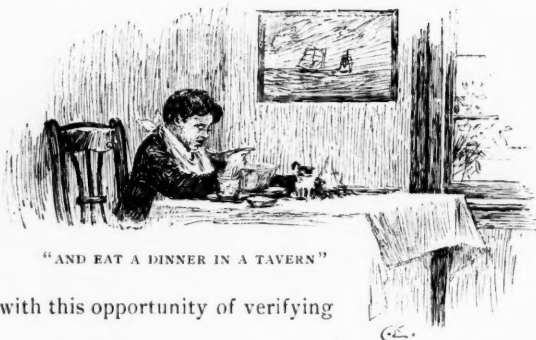
One day you are well in the tops of the trees, and being dared by the boys below, you venture higher—higher than any boy has gone before. You feel very proud, so you advance cautiously out upon the limb: it bends and sways fearfully with your weight: presently it cracks: you try to return, but it is too late; then comes a sense of dizziness—a succession of quick blows, and a dull, heavy crash!

After this, come those long, weary days of confinement, when you lie still, through all the hours of noon. look-



"STARTLING ANOTHER FROM A DOZE"

coat, and an umbrella:—this is large! As you journey on, after bidding your friends adieu, and as you see fences and houses to which you have not been used, you think them very odd indeed; but it occurs to you, that the geographies speak of very various national characteristics, and you are greatly gratified with this opportunity of verifying your study.



"AND EAT A DINNER IN A TAVERN"

Your old aunt, whom you visit, you think wears a very queer cap, being altogether different from that of the old nurse, or of Mrs. Boyne, —Madge's mother. As for acquaintances, you fall in the very first day with a tall boy next door, called Nat, which seems an extraordinary name. Besides, he has traveled; and as he sits with you on the summer nights under the linden trees, he tells you gorgeous stories of the things he has seen. He has made the voyage to London; and he talks about the ship (a real ship) and starboard and larboard, and the spanker, in a way quite surprising; and he takes the stern oar in the little skiff, when you row off in the cove abreast of the town, in a most seaman-like way.



"AWAY ON A VISIT IN A COACH"

Besides Nat, there is a girl lives over the opposite side of the way, named Jenny, with an eye as black as a coal. She has any quantity of toys, and she has an odd old uncle, who sometimes makes you stand up together, and then marries you after his fashion,—much to the amusement of a grown-up housemaid, whenever she gets a peep at the performance. And it makes you somewhat proud to hear her called your wife; and you wonder to yourself, dreamily, if it won't be true some day or other.

Jenny is romantic, and talks of Thaddeus of Warsaw in a very touching manner, and promises to lend you the book. She folds billets in a lover's fashion, and practices love-knots upon her bonnet strings. She looks out of the corners of her eyes very often, and sighs. She is frequently by herself, and pulls flowers to pieces.

All this time, for you are making your visit a very long one, so that autumn has come, and the nights are grow-



"IT IS RATHER A PRETTY NAME TO WRITE"

ing cool, and Jenny and yourself are transferring your little coquetties to the chimney-corner;—poor Charlie lies sick at home. Boyhood, thank Heaven, does not suffer severely from sympathy when the object is remote.

It is on a frosty, bleak evening, when you are playing with Nat, that the letter reaches you which says Charlie is growing worse, and that you must come to your home. It is quite dark when you reach home, but you see the bright reflection of a fire within, and presently at the open door Nelly clapping her hands for welcome. But there are sad faces when you enter. Your mother folds you to her heart; but at your first noisy outburst of joy, puts her finger on her lip, and whispers poor Charlie's name. The Doctor you see, too, slipping softly out of the bed-room door with glasses in his hand; and—you hardly know how—your spirits grow sad, and your heart gravitates to the heavy air of all about you.

You drop to sleep after that day's fatigue, with singular and perplexed fancies haunting you; and when you wake up with a shudder in the middle of the night, you get up stealthily and creep down stairs; the bed-room door stands open, a little lamp is flickering on the hearth, and the gaunt shadow of the bedstead lies dark upon the ceiling. Your mother is in her chair, with her head upon her hand—though it is long after midnight. The Doctor is standing with his back toward you, and looks very solemn as he takes out his watch. He is not counting Charlie's pulse, for he has dropped his hand; and it lies carelessly, but oh, how thin! over the edge of the bed.

He shakes his head mournfully at your mother; and she springs forward, and lays her fingers upon the forehead of the boy, and passes her hand over his mouth.

"Is he asleep, Doctor?" she says, in a tone you do not know.

"Dear Madam, he will never waken in this world."

There is no cry—only a bowing



"THE DOCTOR LIFTS YOU IN HIS ARMS"



"WHO SOMETIMES MAKES YOU STAND UP TOGETHER"

down of your mother's head upon the body of poor, dead Charlie!—and only when you see her form shake and quiver with the deep, smothered sobs, your crying bursts forth loud and strong.

The Doctor lifts you in his arms, that you may see—that pale head,—those blue eyes all

sunken,—
that flaxen
hair gone,
—those
white
lips

pinched and hard!—Never, never, will the boy forget his first terrible sight of Death!



"LISTENING ATTENTIVELY TO SOME GRIEVOUS COMPLAINT"



Frank has a grandfather living in the country, a good specimen of the old-fashioned New England farmer. He is a Justice of the Peace, and many are the country courts that you peep upon, with Frank, from the door of the great dining-room. You watch curiously the old gentleman, sitting in his big arm-chair, with his spectacles in their silver case at his elbow, and his snuff-box in hand, listening attentively to some grievous complaint; you see him ponder deeply—with a pinch of snuff to aid his judgment,—and you listen with intense admiration, as he gives a loud, preparatory "Ahem," and clears away the intricacies of the case with a sweep of that strong practical sense which distinguishes the New England farmer,—getting at the very hinge of the matter, without any consciousness



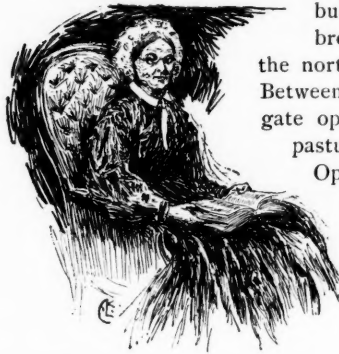
"SOME OF BIDLOW'S BOYS"

of his own precision, and satisfying the defendant by the clearness of his talk, as much as by the leniency of his judgment. He farms some fifteen hundred acres,—“suitably divided,” as the old-school agriculturists say, into “wood-land, pasture, and tillage.”

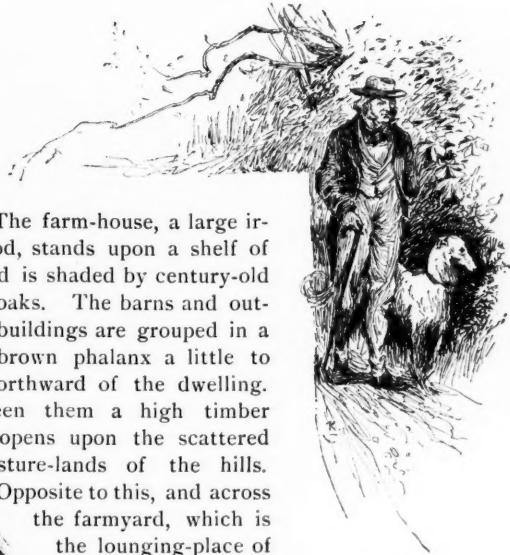
The farm-house, a large irregularly built mansion of wood, stands upon a shelf of the hills looking southward, and is shaded by century-old oaks. The barns and out-

buildings are grouped in a brown phalanx a little to the northward of the dwelling. Between them a high timber gate opens upon the scattered pasture-lands of the hills.

Opposite to this, and across the farmyard, which is the lounging-place of scores of red-necked turkeys, and of matronly hens, clucking to their callow brood, another gate of similar pretensions opens upon the wide meadow-land.



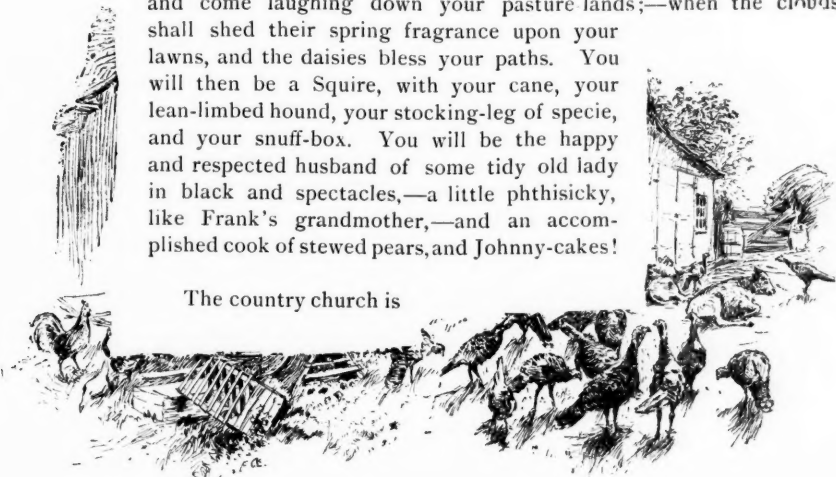
"SOME TIDY OLD LADY IN BLACK"



"A SQUIRE"

So it is, that as you lie there upon the sunny greensward, at the old Squire's door, you muse upon the time when some rich-lying land, with huge granaries and cozy old mansion sleeping under the trees, shall be yours;—when the brooks shall water your meadows, and come laughing down your pasture lands;—when the clouds shall shed their spring fragrance upon your lawns, and the daisies bless your paths. You will then be a Squire, with your cane, your lean-limbed hound, your stocking-leg of specie, and your snuff-box. You will be the happy and respected husband of some tidy old lady in black and spectacles,—a little phthisicky, like Frank's grandmother,—and an accomplished cook of stewed pears, and Johnny-cakes!

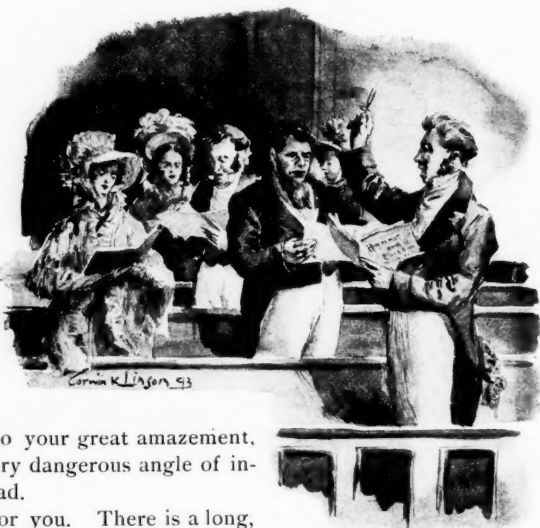
The country church is



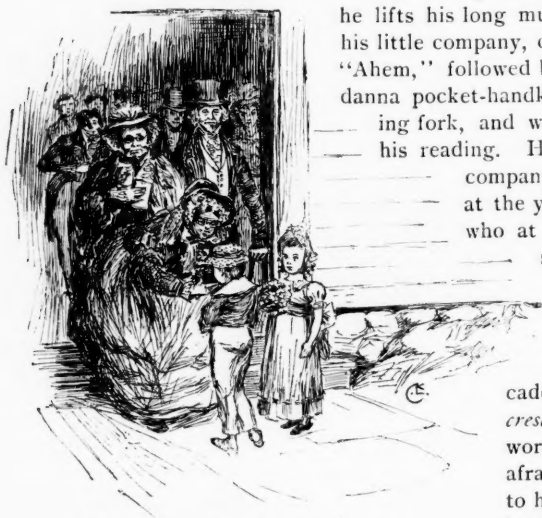
a square old building of wood, without paint or decoration, and of that genuine, Puritanic stamp, which is now fast giving way to Greek porticos, and to cockney towers. The unpainted pews are ranged in square forms, and by age have gained the color of those fragmentary wrecks of cigar-boxes, which you see upon the top shelves in the bar-rooms of country taverns. The minister's desk is lofty, and has once been honored with a coating of paint;—as well as the huge sounding-board, which, to your great amazement, protrudes from the wall, at a very dangerous angle of inclination, over the speaker's head.

The singing has a charm for you. There is a long, thin-faced, flax-haired man, who carries a tuning-fork in his waistcoat pocket, and who leads the choir. His position is in the very front rank of gallery benches, facing the desk; and by the time the old clergyman has read two verses of the psalm, the country chorister turns around to his little group of aids—consisting of the blacksmith, a carrotty headed school-master, two women in snuff-colored silks, and a girl in a pink bonnet, somewhat inclined to frivolity,—to announce the tune.

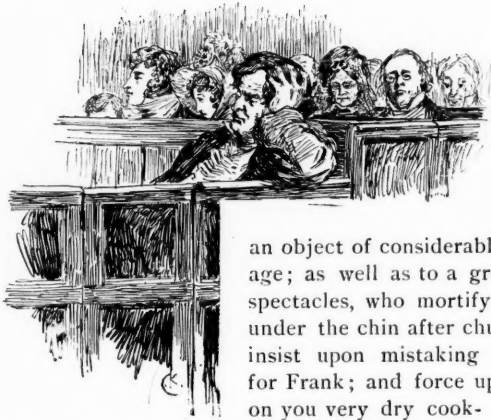
This being done in an authoritative manner, he lifts his long music-book,—glances again at his little company, clears his throat by a powerful "Ahem," followed by a powerful use of a bandanna pocket-handkerchief,—draws out his tuning fork, and waits for the parson to close his reading. He now reviews once more his company,—throws a reproving glance at the young woman in the pink hat, who at the moment is biting off a stout bunch of fennel,—lifts his music-book, thumps upon the rail with his fork, listens keenly, gives a slight "Ahem," falls into the cadence,—swells into a strong *crescendo*,—catches at the first word of the line, as if he were afraid it might get away,—turns to his company,—lifts his music-book with spirit,—gives it a



THE CHOIR



"FAT OLD LADIES IN IRON SPECTACLES"



THE DEACON

The farmers you have a high respect for;—particularly for one weazen-faced old gentleman in a brown surtout, who brings his whip into church with him, who sings in a very strong voice, and who drives a span of gray colts. Another townsman, who attracts your attention is a stout deacon, who before entering always steps around the corner of the church and puts his hat upon the ground to adjust his wig in a quiet way. He then marches up the broad aisle in a stately manner, and plants his hat, and a big pair of

powerful slap with the disengaged hand, and, with a majestic toss of the head, soars away, with half the women below straggling on in his wake, into some such brave old melody as—LITCHFIELD!

Being a visitor, and in the Squire's pew, you are naturally an object of considerable attention to the girls about your age; as well as to a great many fat old ladies in iron spectacles, who mortify you excessively by patting you under the chin after church; and insist upon mistaking you for Frank; and force upon you very dry cookies, spiced with caraway seeds.



"IN TONES OF TENDER ADMONITION"



"THE OLD MEN GATHER ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE BUILDING"

backskin mittens, on the little table under the desk. When he is fairly seated in his corner of the pew, with his elbow upon the top-rail—almost the only man who can comfortably reach it,—you observe that he spreads his brawny fingers over his scalp, in an exceedingly cautious manner; and you innocently think again, that it is very hypocritical in a deacon to lean upon his hand when he is only keeping his wig straight.

After the morning service, they have an "hour's intermission," as the preacher calls it; during which the old men gather on a sunny side of the building, and, after shaking hands all around, and asking after the "folks" at home, they enjoy a quiet talk about the crops, branching off, now and then, it may be, into politics.



"THE FIRELIGHT GLIMMERS UPON THE WALLS OF YOUR HOME"

like the flame of Hebrew sacrifice, whose incense bore hearts to heaven. The big chair of your father is drawn to its wonted corner by the chimney-side; his head, just touched with gray, lies back upon its oaken top. Little Nelly leans upon his knee, looking up for some reply to her girlish questionings. Opposite, sits your mother; her figure is thin, her look cheerful, yet subdued;—her arm perhaps resting on your shoulder, as she talks to you in tones of tender admonition, of the days that are to come.



Little does the boy know, as the tide of years drifts by, floating him out insensibly from the harbor of his home upon the great sea of life,—what joys, what opportunities, what affections, are slipping from him.

But *now*, you are there. The fire-light glimmers upon the walls of your cherished home, like the Vestal fire of old upon the figures of adoring virgins, or

The cat is purring on the hearth; the clock is ticking on the mantel. The great table in the middle of the room, with its books and work, waits only for the lighting of the evening lamp, to see a return to its stores of embroidery, and of story.

(To be concluded)

OVER MY SHOULDER

BY MARY T. EARLE

With original illustrations by C. C. Ward.

A LONG time ago I lived in a little western neighborhood where the pictures were nearly all outdoors, and only bounded by the visual angle of the eye. Into this neighborhood came two young painters who had made their way from the art of Paris to the wilds of California—which still had wilds in those days—and from California to the prosaic betwixt-and-betweenness of Illinois. They came among us like two very attractive revelations of the possibilities of art and of adventure, and of almost everything else that broadens life and makes it worth its trouble. They stand out like two knights of romance against the quiet background of my childhood, and with them stands a third figure, a half-naked Indian crouching by a great rock, every muscle and nerve in readiness for some unseen enemy whom he hears.

That Indian, to my child's eyes at least, was the most vivid of all the great packing-box full of pictures which they brought with them from California; and



THE INDIAN BOY

he impressed himself so strongly on my memory that when I see the little Indian boy who kneels below the words on page 203, I involuntarily look over my shoulder. There is little in common between the two pictures except their feeling of suspense,—of waiting for sound; but the second illustrates what the first has been suggesting so long, that the phonetic quality of a picture is often as interesting as its expression of color and form.

In the tangle of grass and undergrowth where this pathetically uncouth and civilized Indian boy is grasping his bow and arrows, every sound is intense, it breaks through such a longing for silence. One can hear the flutter of a bird's wing somewhere back in the thicket; the faintest stir of breeze wakens a distracting whisper among the leaves and twigs; when everything else ceases, one's breath and heartbeat become too noisy to be borne. This is because the foliage comes right up to the foreground, and there is no distance. For an absolute silence in which all trivial sounds are lost, the artist must open a broad and barren vista like



OLD AND COLD

that in a recent picture of Hagar, in which the small figures of the woman and the boy are placed in a great desert stillness, where the hopeless lack of vibration presses on the ears and on the heart.

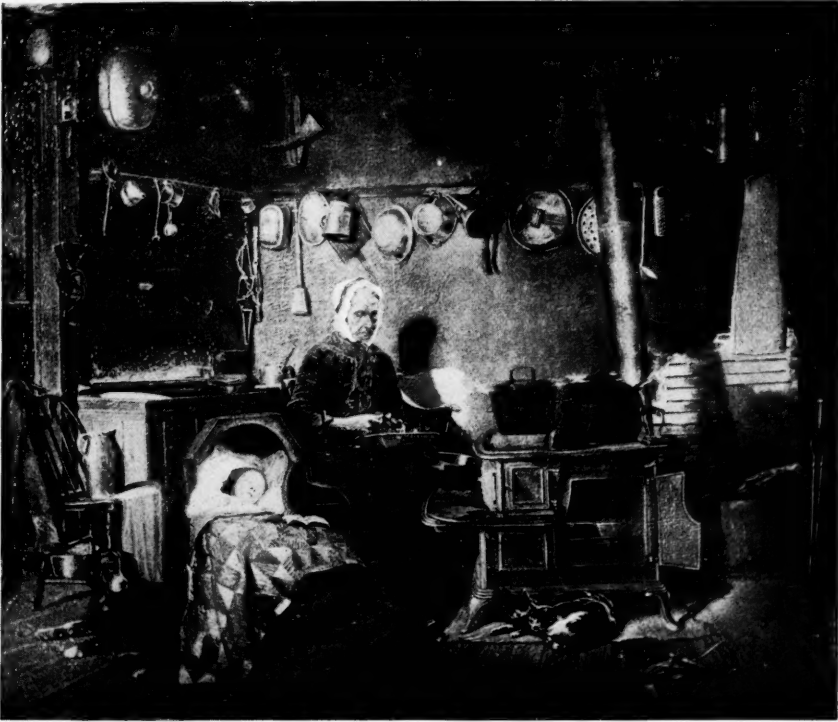


FRIENDS TO THE KING

Another memory, almost as persistent as that of the Indian, is of a dark little landscape painted in the Cumberland mountains. In its foreground was a small pool, fed by a thread of waterfall, but the whole coloring was so deep that the water seemed to slip noiselessly down over the cliff, until a beam of sunlight touched the picture; then the cascade began to dance in a little wreath of spray, and the silence of the room where the picture hung—or else it was the silence of my mind—rippled into the liquid purring of running water, the sweetest sound on earth.

Landscapes are usually more rich than interiors in phonetic suggestions, yet in pictures like "A Canadian Kitchen," every low regular sound of the house, the domestic humdrum, takes a part. The kettle sings so monotonously, the cats and the baby breathe such deep, quick, rhythmic breaths, that the dog and the woman can hear every sound outside that threatens their tranquility.

The senses of sight and hearing exchange favors with each other very graciously, and sometimes when an impression recurs to the brain, it is hard to tell by which messenger it first arrived. I remember having been haunted once by a great battle-scene which tantalized me, refusing to connect itself with any collec-



A CANADIAN KITCHEN

tion of pictures or any artist, until at last I realized that I had only seen it in a grand outburst of music.

It is this linking together of all our faculties which makes memory and the association of ideas appear at times so wayward. The connection between the little Indian hunter pictured here, and the Indian of my recollection has started me to wandering until I need to wind my thread and follow it back carefully, like the adventurer in a fairy tale,—for over my shoulder I see many irrelevant things. A young woman whom I admired, as a woman is never admired except by a little girl, is sitting very still and smiling, while the two young artists, each with a brush and a water-color box, are painting her cheeks to a rich "lake red" which I

thought gave the final perfection to her beauty. I remember, too, a little missionary work which my brother and I did in the way of reforming these young men, who were inveterate smokers. We reformed them very thoroughly one evening, but to our dismay they were smoking again the next morning. When we reproached them they said, yes, certainly, they had stopped smoking, they would stop again pretty soon; we seemed to like so well to have them stop, that it wouldn't trouble them to

do it for us several times a day. That was an early lesson in the artistic temperament, but the keenness of the effect was lost by a donation of small change to soothe the wounded dignity of the reformers.

Then, too, come reminiscences of the pictures painted before our eyes while our friends stayed with us. It was an unfolding of mysterious skill to see sky and



THE JOKER



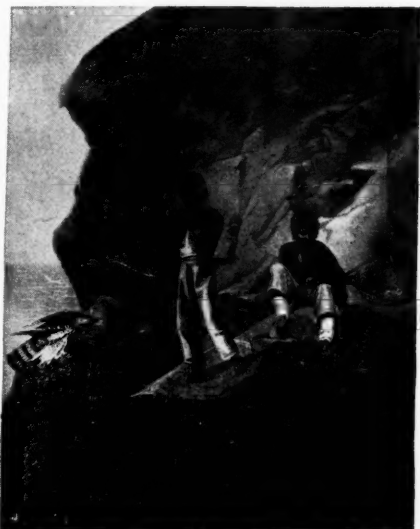
ASLEEP IN A SUNNY CORNER

trees and figures grow beneath their brushes. To be sent to the kitchen for bread to erase a false charcoal-mark, was to become an honored servant of art. To feed the fires of genius with innumerable offerings of ripe pears and peaches was getting very near to inspiration. And when work was done and the toilers relaxed themselves upon the grass and told stories, and wrestled with my brothers, or tossed me about, to feel their merry companionship was to walk hand in hand with the gods.

I would go a long way to see another picture with such wonderful life and spirit as that which one of them painted of firemen running up a ladder onto a burning building. I do not remember that any one posed for it, but I would swear that every line of it was accurate. It ought to have been, for he took what seemed unnecessary pains in preparation, making a cartoon in charcoal of the nude figures ascending the ladder, that he might make no mistake in their pose. I thought that as firemen were never seen venturing unclad into the flames, it must be much more difficult to draw them without clothes than with;

but I knew instinctively that the fallacy must be in my own judgment, not in that of a follower of art.

Their constructive imagination was one of the most amazing things about these young men. It happened that after we had expected them for weeks they arrived when nearly all of us were away from home. We hurried back post-haste to greet them, but they were already established and at ease. The one of them who was an utter stranger took one of my brothers by the shoulder, looked him over, and then nodded his head in satisfaction. "You are all right," he pronounced, "I knew what you would look like, you see I found a pair of your shoes in the room where I slept, and from them I could build you up." Such genius! I was off at once for the garden.



INDIAN BOYS GATHERING EGGS ON THE SEA-CLIFFS



HIS FIRST GROUSE

where I picked one rose-geranium leaf, one bit of candytuft, and one rosebud. Then I went back, pulled my mother to one side, and begged her to give them to the stranger. I stood by and watched, supposing she would present them as her gift, but to my infinite embarrassment she explained that I had brought them for him. I could not face the responsibility. I turned like a coward and ran, but my first offering had been laid at the shrine of art.

It seemed to us that the things which they could not do would make a ridiculously insignificant list. When the weather grew cool enough for indoor amusements, they arranged all manner of bright entertainments, and such shadow-pantomimes as their's have never since been seen. I can still watch Cinderella and the proud sisters passing along the white sheet. I was on its privileged side, and had the double delight of the shadows and the stage secrets. The sisters, mother, and fairy god-mother had grotesque pasteboard faces fastened at the side of their heads, and the sisters had remarkable pasteboard feet as well, which their mother pared off ruthlessly with mighty shears, when the prince came, bringing the tiny slipper. But the feet were so large and the slipper so small, that neither proud sister was quite proud enough to wait to be fitted. As they ran screaming away a bird began to flutter above their heads and squawk,

"Oh pare her heel and pare her toe
But the little glass slipper will not go."

And now, having permitted my thread to unwind so far, I must break it off with only a word of gratitude to the artist whose pictures here have led me back into my childish days, for, as the children say, all that I have said was seen "over my right shoulder."



MY DOGS

THE POTTERY OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS

By W. J. HOFFMAN, M. D.

Illustrated from specimens in the National Museum.

I.—PRIMITIVE METHODS AND EARLY TYPES.



FIG. 1. A GOURD-LIKE, PROTECTED WATER-JAR: ARIZONA

ing the names of consuls of Imperial Rome, and pottery of the Shang dynasty, of China, bearing pictographs of thirty-six centuries ago!

The more archaic types of aboriginal American pottery are exceedingly rude, being apparently either coil-made, or fashioned within sand-pits or bags of some textile fabric. The Pomos, of California, steamed chestnuts, to extract a poison, in clay receptacles, made by first excavating a large hole, packing it water-tight around the sides, then burning a fire therein for "some space of time." The Pacific-coast tribes went little farther than this toward the potter's art. Captain Cook mentions in his "Voyages," that he saw dishes at Unalashka, "made of a flat stone

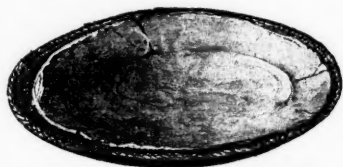


FIG. 3. A CLAY-LINED BAKING-TRAY

BECAUSE of the general diffusion of so plastic a substance as clay, its manipulation was, without doubt, one of the earliest inventions of primitive man; and the progress made in fictile art is one of the best indications for determining the culture-status of a nation, and determining, by its remains, the distribution of any extinct people. It is needless to speak, in detail, of the historic value of the hieroglyphic records impressed upon the sun-dried bricks of Egypt, the clay tablets from the tumuli of ancient Assyria, bearing records of history and the names of kings of dynasties covering centuries of which no other evidence remains; the Roman bricks, retain-

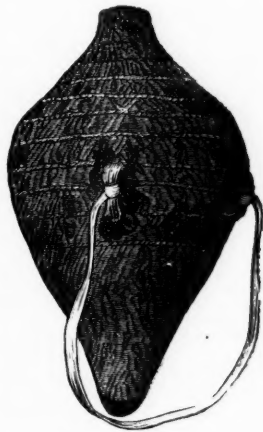


FIG. 2. AN INDIAN AMPHORA

with sides of clay not unlike a standing pye."

The various tribes inhabiting the region of the Great Lakes, in addition to using clay vessels, also made excellent utensils of birch-bark, in which meats and other articles of food were boiled by introducing heated stones. The Assiniboin, a Dakotan tribe of the upper Missouri, were so called by the Chippeways

on account of this practice. At the first discovery by the Spaniards of the Indians within the Gulf States, the use of earthen vessels was reported by one of the journalists of De Soto, who says that their pottery differed but little "from that of Estremoz or Montemor"; and Cabeça de Vaca described a method of boiling, by half filling a large calabash with water, "and throwing on the fire many stones of such as are most convenient and readily take heat. When hot, they are taken up with tongs of sticks and dropped into the calabash, until the water in it boils from the fervor of the stones." From this it would appear that vessels of clay, and gourds, were in use at about the same period, and for like purposes, by various of the southern Indians.

Dr. Charles Rau, in a Smithsonian paper on pottery of the South-Atlantic region, remarks that "The Indians of the Gulf of Florida molded their pottery on gourds, and to support the large pots until baked, they covered them with baskets made of rushes, creepers, or even netting. The pottery found along the Atlantic seaboard, northward to Canada, is coarse in substance and very similar in general type of barbaric excellence.

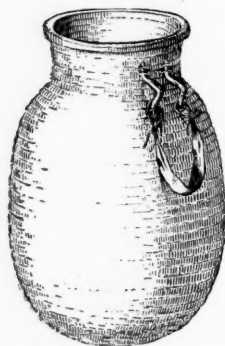


FIG. 5. A BOILING-BASKET

Along the waters of the lower Potomac and Chesapeake Bay generally, systematic coil-work appears not to have been followed, the vessels having been built up by strips or bands of clay, pressed together with the thumb and fingers, or by placing a smooth stone upon the interior and patting down the clay upon the outer surface by means of a paddle or shell. Sherds show fracture along these original junctures, indicating imperfect union between the several strips of clay employed. Impressions of net-work and wicker-work are also met with, suggesting the use of molds employed in modeling vessels.

The Atlantic-coast pottery is designated as the Algonkian type, as tribes of this family occupied the country from North Carolina northward to Labrador, Hudson Bay, and westward to the Rocky Mountains. Cushing once found clay-lined sand-pits along the shores of some of the lakes in New York, and suggests that these sand-pits were lined with clay, after a dip-net had been spread therein, so that the vessel might the more readily be lifted out for baking. This lining of cavities with clay has been observed among the Pomos, and, as among the latter, the accidental baking of the clay no doubt suggested the independent manufacture of such linings for vessels to be baked.

In examining, in general, the ceramic remains of shore or fishing peoples, the impress of designs upon the surface of pots will be found traceable to the

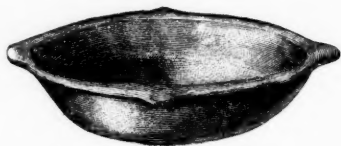


FIG. 4. A ZUNI ROASTING-TRAY



FIG. 6. COILED WARE

textile art, and especially to the cords and knots of primitive nets; whereas, the tribes occupying the forests and inland prairies frequently resorted to moulds constructed of bark-work mats, basketry and gourds.

The aboriginal potter was well aware of the necessity of introducing into, and mixing with, the clay, a tempering material of either calcined or pulverized stone, old pot-sherds, shells or some other mineral substance, as clay requires a *dégraissant* to

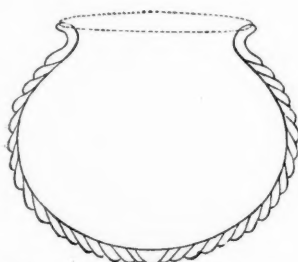


FIG. 8. A SECTION OF A COILED VESSEL

prevent cracking while drying. Specimens of pottery from Chiriqui, in the Isthmus of Panama, although of high finish and artistic type, show such an abundance of sand in admixture with the paste, that where the polished slip, or wash of fine clay, has been removed, the gritty matter readily comes off when rubbed by the hand. Loskiel, in his "History of the Missions of the United Brethren," says the "Delawares and Iroquois had pots and boilers made of clay mixed with pounded shells, and burnt so hard that they were black throughout." The Hidatsa and Mandan Indians, of the upper Missouri river, employed, according to Catlin, a tough, black clay to make their dishes and bowls, which were baked in kilns made for the purpose. Such vessels became very hard, and they made them so strong, continues this author, "that they hang them over the fire as we do our iron pots, and boil their meat in them with perfect success." Catlin visited these Indians in 1830-'32, and during my own researches among them, exactly fifty years later, I found a few old vessels made of a dark blue Cretaceous clay, still in use by some of the medicine-women, who attributed to these antique kettles superior properties in the pre-



FIG. 9. ERECTING A COILED VESSEL, ROTATED IN A BASKET



FIG. 7. COILING CLAY ON A BASKET

paration of their magical decoctions. The Indians of Georgia, says Col. C. C. Jones, Jr., author of "Antiquities of the Southern Indians," made their vessels of dark-colored clay, and this was often used without the admixture of any foreign substance, though usually it was tempered by being mixed and kneaded with powdered shells, gravel and pulverized mica. Vessels were baked in kilns made for the purpose, though a common procedure was to build about the dried vessels a large heap of wood

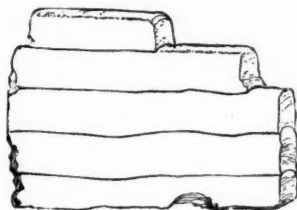


FIG. 10. ORDINARY SUPERPOSITION OF FLATTENED COILS OF CLAY

and burning coals. In several instances, relating to vessels from Georgia, the live coals had been put in heaps and the vessels inverted over them, thus fusing together the particles upon the interior.

The pottery of Chiriqui presents evidence of high skill both in the manipulation of the clay and in beauty of form,—a degree of excellence, says Holmes, not surpassed by any other American types, and at the same time exhibiting many marked analogies to the classic forms of the Mediterranean. The clay was probably

light in color, as the paste is now uniformly so, but the baking seems to have been of a higher order than ordinarily practiced by the Indians.

Although pottery-making is still continued in the southwest, the adoption of foreign forms is perceptible everywhere, as is also the introduction of decorative designs. The more archaic types of vessels clearly indicate the source of design, as will be perceived in the accompanying illustrations. Fig. 1 represents a gourd water-vessel, inclosed in wicker-work to protect it in carrying it about. This type was very common throughout the valley of the Rio Colorado. In the same locality occur beautiful and closely woven water-vessels constructed on the spirally wrapped principle, by making cords of fine grasses wrapped with thin bands of split roots, these cords being continuots, beginning the vessel at the centre of the base and terminating it at the lip or mouth. Any leaks are carefully plastered up with the resin of coniferous trees, or the gum of the *Larrea Mexicana*; and sand or earth is applied to prevent the surface from being sticky.

A pear-shaped vessel of this character is shown in Fig. 2, the narrow base permitting it to be thrust into the sand to prevent it from falling over, as was done with the ancient Roman amphora. Such rude vessels were of service as long as Indians were semi-nomadic, but when once permanently established in favorable

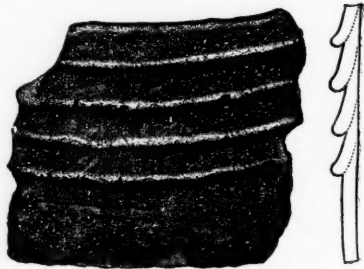


FIG. 11. FRAGMENTS OF COILED WARE



FIG. 12. ANCIENT UTAH COILED WARE

localities the manufacture of fictile ware began to flourish. In Fig. 3 is shown a Coçonino basket-tray, covered with a layer of clay upon which to roast corn, or seeds, in contact with live coals. The ultimate baking of such a clay-covering naturally led to the direct manufacture of clay roasting-trays, a Zuñi specimen of which is reproduced in Fig. 4.

Cushing mentions a variety of basket-pot, or boiling-basket, shown in Fig. 5, as still used by the Coçonino Indians of Arizona, where hot stones are dropped into the water contained in such vessels, as in the method formerly adopted by the Assiniboin and

the Indians of Georgia. Such boiling-baskets were, without doubt, the prototype of water-bottles of the corrugated coiled ware, as may readily be perceived by reference to Fig. 6. The method of coiling the clay-strips adopted in this mode of manufacture is shown in Figs. 7 to 10, the base often consisting of a mold of basket-work to facilitate rotation during the manipulation of the growing vessel.

Sometimes shallow vessels of clay are formed, or molded, over a base of wicker-work, as rep-



FIG. 13. MOLDED CLAY: FIRST STAGE



FIG. 15. FINAL FORM

resented in a partly completed or coiled specimen shown in Fig. 7. The utilization of a mold, consisting either of a wicker-work food-trencher, or of a piece of gourd, to aid in working and smoothing the vessel in course of construction, furnishes the nearest approach to the potter's wheel known to exist, or to have existed, among any of the aboriginal tribes of America.

The most accurate account of aboriginal pottery-making, of the last century, is that furnished by Dumont ("Mémoires Historiques sur la Louisiane." Paris, 1753, II. p. 27, *et seq.*). After recounting the process pursued in preparing the clay

and making long coils thereof (Figs. 7 to 11), he says: "If they intend to fashion a plate or a vase, they take hold of one of these coils by the end, and fixing here with the thumb of the left hand the centre of the vessel they are about to make, they turn the roll with astonishing quickness around the centre, describing a spiral line; now and then they dip their fingers into water and smooth with the right hand the inner and outer

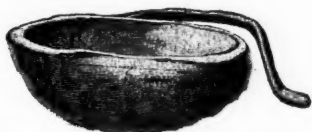


FIG. 14. MOLDED CLAY: SECOND STAGE



FIG. 16. SHAPING AND SMOOTHING

surface of the vase they intend to fashion, which would become ruffled or undulated without that manipulation."

The ordinary superposition of coils of clay, as observed in fragments of pottery from the southern Atlantic coast, is shown in Fig. 10, differing in this respect from that made by the Pueblo Indians, as illustrated in Fig. 9, and from old ware found in Utah (Fig. 12). A section of coiled ware, slightly differing from the preceding in the thinner coils and longer lips, is shown in Fig. 11, and the method of smoothing down these lips, to cause a perfectly smooth surface, is illustrated in Fig. 16. The vase-mold is here observed in position to permit the rotation of his work by the potter. The

smoothing process is performed by the hand, which is frequently moistened to prevent its sticking to the clay or roughening the surface; and by the aid of such smooth stones, or pieces of gourd, shell or pottery, as are represented in Fig. 20. A water-bottle partaking of both characters, having a smooth base and a corrugated top, is shown in Fig. 18, where the presence of a handle gives a close resemblance to a modern pitcher.



FIG. 18. A JAR MOLDED AT THE BOTTOM AND COILED ABOVE

County, Pennsylvania, and possibly of Delaware Indian origin, is reproduced in Fig. 19, from the specimen in the collection of the Historical and Geological Society of Wilkes-barre, Pa. In most of the Algonkian burial-vases, the bottom is found to be broken by having a hole knocked into it, intended—it has been suggested—to permit the easy escape of the soul, and also to prevent the theft of the vessel by making it useless to the finder. Some tribes make rude vessels especially for burial purposes, leaving a symmetrical opening in the bottom to obviate the necessity of breaking or "killing" it, and the risk of its complete destruction by accidental fracture; examples of this may still be found among the Seminoles of Florida.

(To be continued.)



FIG. 17. AN ARKANSAS TYPE

The nucleus, of clay, selected to form such a vessel, is squeezed into a form resembling that in Fig. 13, and pressed against the inner surface of a basket-mold, receiving sharply the impressions of the fabric, which will probably remain after baking. Succeeding stages of development are illustrated in Figs. 14 and 15, a most graceful specimen.

An entirely distinct form of vase is represented in Fig 17, presenting a type common in Arkansas. Grotesque figures occur upon many vessels from this region, but these will be treated in another article. The usual type of the Algonkian vessels is conical, and more elongated than the southwestern or Pueblo type, or that of the Mississippi Valley. A neat form of sepulchral vessel found in Wyoming

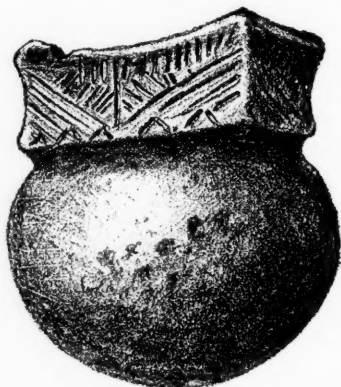


FIG. 19. A DELAWARE POT



FIG. 20. FORMS OF POTTERY SHAPERS AND SMOOTHERS

TECHNICAL TENDENCIES OF CARICATURE

BY HENRY MCBRIDE

With original illustrations by Gustave Verbeck.



JUST what caricature is and just who are our caricaturists are questions delicately to be decided if one chooses to back up assertions with bona-fide names. If we approach the subject with grave enthusiasm or respectful awe, saying nice things in opening sentences about George Du Maurier and Aubrey Beardsley, or Steinlen and Willette, almost any one, from our own C. D. Gibson down, would be willing and pleased to be placed in such agreeable company. But the same importance and zeal, if spent upon a consideration, say, of the young people who occupy more or less comic periodicals, protestations from might thoughtlessly and thus seem to put



Caricature, then, flection given to it, tics to emphasize every desirable. Em- cause of the addition of force. So names I may mention, that my in- orable; and even should I, in the speak quietly of the wonderful I stir up his ever-to-be-expected my other victims, must acquit me of perhaps (I am discreet), I may keep this. His quarrels and platitudes cature extant, but his actual work is very far removed from his daily doings. One can almost hear



him denying emphasis a place in art, at all; his love of value is so intense.

But its very emphasis is what gives caricature its reason to be, its dominant utility. Centuries ago it became a political weapon. In every country it has brought into its make-up philosophy and knowledge, satire and fun, to barb shafts aimed at injury and injustice. In England, Hogarth and those who, while wearing his mantle, made drawings to accompany the stories of Dickens, held sway so



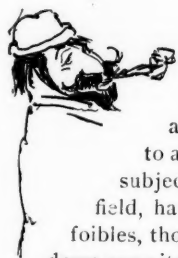
is a word that has meaning according to the in- For myself, I mean by it the forcing of character- expression. Expression is an admirable quality and phatic expression is none the less expression be-



you see, you whose tentions are most hon- course of a page or two, Whistler; even should wrath against me, you, wilful hurt; but then, Mr. Whistler out of are the best bits of cari-







long that it is only recently the world has realized the filling of old places by new men. In France, Gavarni, Daumier and Grevin have worthy successors, and Germany and America have men saying all sorts of things to all sorts of people. Motives have changed and subjects altered. Politics, *par et simple*, as a battlefield, have given precedence to the mockery of social foibles, though anything involving a public wrong brings down upon itself, as of old, a fusilade from the caricaturist-champions of the people. The work in these days, and especially in America, concerns itself chiefly with attacks upon narrow-mindedness, stupidity, anglomania, hypocrisy and the like; and while always unmistakable in intention is so bathed in right feeling and good sense that one might readily suspect that the Japanese, who have so long influenced us in methods, have also influenced our motives.



The Japanese, indeed, have been the main factors in the technical evolution so visibly going on among all our draughtsmen. To be sure, we all go to France to be taught, but it is not always France who



teaches us. Even nearer than France to the fountain of life is the island of Nippon. Without genuineness, without freedom from affectation, no art can be. In a rigid subjection to the vitality of the business at hand, the Japanese have simplified their work to a degree that amazes our complex



natures. The literature of her art may be but dimly understood by us, but the manner had only to be seen to be recognized as right. The French were almost the first to see it, and their caricaturists were the first to proclaim it. Some of them, De Toulouse-Lautrec, for instance, were quick to make it the excuse for something quite un-





Japanese. Forain, in reducing to the complete expression of his idea the tremendous knowledge that he brings to any subject, is after all more truly *en train*. It is the same old difference between principle and receipt. Forain, with his subjection of knowledge to simplicity, and the Japanese, who add to this the insistence of a comprehension of beauty and the picturesque, are largely responsible in England for those who are chiefly in vogue at present, namely: Aubrey Beardsley, Maurice Griffenhagen, L. Raven Hill, Phil May.

The accompanying sketches by Gustave Verbeck, who, when in Paris, belongs to the coterie who call themselves "chatnoiresque," are so all-around Japanese that one is tempted at first glance to shout, "Trickery!" But the undeniable



facts that Verbeck, though of American parents, and now living in New York, was born in Japan, and lived there during his early life, make some things in him comprehensible. I say "him," in that his drawings are completely he. Those presented herewith are for the most part fragments and studies for drawings that have appeared in *Le Chat Noir*. Wonderfully pretty girls are in some of them,





and sometimes wonderfully fearful animals. Usually in the completed drawings, the fearful animals have evil designs upon the unoffending maidens; but just when you give mademoiselle up for lost in drawing number three, lo! in drawing number four mademoiselle has a brilliant idea, in number five eludes the beast, and in number six rides out of the picture upon her bicycle, smiling serenely. Virtue always is rewarded, beauty is always befriended, thriftiness is commended and thieves are invariably caught, in this admirable country that Mr. Verbeck knows and draws so well.

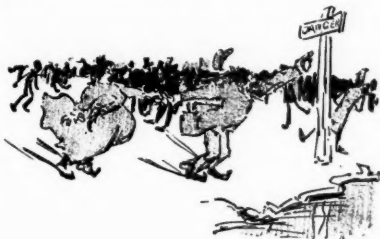


And how absurdly ridiculous are those curly-haired lions, with their manes frizzed, and their tails crinkled and the hair on the tips of their ears brushed straight up! And those tigers, with their tails like a rosary of disconnected black beads! There are human suggestions about them, just as the faces of the old tramps look like those of the brutes they really are.

Caricature, by its slight exaggeration, is sometimes nearer the real truth than accurate portraiture!



This may be one secret of our enjoyment, and there is a certain everyday humanity—a kind of racy truth—in the actual ugliness of the “pretty girl” in the spotted gown which variously disports herself here, because we have seen her and known her, and we are not called upon to make the discounts that are demanded of us in the “pretty girl” of the ordinary illustration. The carelessness of the caricaturist, who need not trouble himself to be quite right in drawing, often helps him to do, and us to see things in his rapid sketch which laborious effort would probably miss. What care in drawing would express what we read in the half-scratched figure of those frantic skaters?



MY PET SUBJECT

By ARTHUR HOEBER

First paper, with original illustrations by various artists.

It is not alone the artist to whom certain subjects appeal with irresistible force, though, through the medium of his canvas, the fact is perhaps more accentuated in his case, than with the average person. Ordinarily the fads, the hobbies of the individual, are known only to his few intimates. With the painter, the display of his work in the exhibitions, year after year, where he who runs may read, discloses to the world in no uncertain way, and in a manner unmistakable, the bent of his thoughts, the tendencies of his mind, the affiliations that most attract him. He carries his heart on his sleeve, so to speak, that daws may peck at it.

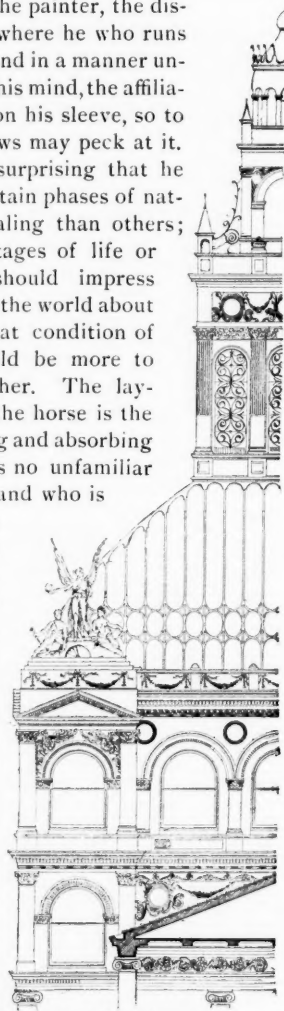
Nor is it surprising that he should find certain phases of nature more appealing than others; that certain stages of life or environment should impress him; that in all the world about him, this or that condition of humanity should be more to him than another. The layman to whom the horse is the most interesting and absorbing of all topics, is no unfamiliar phenomenon; and who is there that does not number among his acquaintances some one enthusiast to



Drawn by Ella F. Pell
AN IDEAL

whom the dog is the most important of all the dumb brutes? Have not we all in our childhood gone through successive stages of admiration for white mice, pigeons, goats and a varied assortment of dumb creatures, each in its turn filling us with deep satisfaction and absorbing interest? Are there not persons to whom the postage-stamp is an affair of the deepest importance? Is the collector a *rara avis*, and as for the man who would walk for hours under a broiling sun, to capture a new specimen of insect or bird, have we never known him?

To depart from the question of preference, there enters another factor, sordid possibly, practical certainly. The artist having given expression upon can-



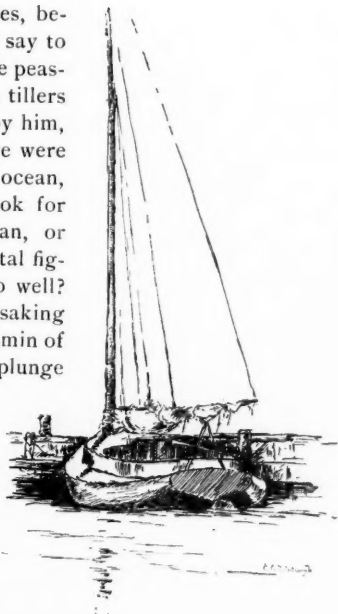
Drawn by S. Gifford Slocum
HALF-ELEVATION OF TOWER

vas for many years to certain sympathetic themes, becomes more or less identified therewith. We say to ourselves: How charmingly Jules Breton does the peasant-life of France; what poetry he puts into the tillers of the soil. Would we care to own a picture by him, of a fashionable crowd on the boulevard? If we were buying a Gérôme, would we seek some study of ocean, with rocks and sand, or would we not rather look for the familiar eastern subject, with its Mussulman, or



Drawn by J. Campbell Phillips
A PICKANINNY

slave, or other oriental figure that he treats so well? If J. G. Brown, forsaking his bootblack, his gamin of the streets, were to plunge defiantly into sunsets and twilights, and upset all the traditions of our youth, should we care to put the result in our collections as representative work? There are, to be sure, those who have the courage of their



Drawn by C. G. Whitcomb
A CATBOAT

convictions, and to whom the primrose is a delicate, suggestive thing of beauty; who, appreciating the good in everything, judge with much discrimination and without the signature, and who need no hallmark to guarantee the brand. They are, however, in the minority, and they may not be counted upon to any great extent.

Some one has said that a whole lifetime barely suffices to do one thing well. Surely in art, the true workman never ceases to be a student, and only the most serious, constant application and study enables the painter to arrive somewhere near perfection. Familiarity does not always breed contempt, intimacy often broadens knowledge; close contact discloses possibilities; and daily, hourly association must, of necessity, bring out latent forces unperceived before.



44 Stone Pier, Falmouth
Drawn by C. G. Whitcomb
THE STONE PIER, FALMOUTH

*Drawn by J. A. Knickerbocker*

A NOVEMBER DAY

To enjoy thoroughly pictures of child-life is to appreciate the keen observation, the close study, that enables the painter to faithfully give the subtle touches of character, the thousand nothings that make the completed total, undefinable but necessary, and that present, give distinction, but absent, leave the canvas commonplace, empty, meaningless. To paint children well, is to know them intimately, to find them sympathetic, to enter into their thoughts. Possibly no subject presents more difficulties, technical as well as physical, than the portrayal of children. No one but the painter can ever realize their near approach to perpetual motion; few can understand their variety of expression; the ever-changing sea

presents no more diversity than do their little faces. One must be *en rapport* with them to overcome the problem ; one must apprehend it by intuition, rather than by anything else, and only thus can the result be successful.

Perhaps as one looks at " Bashful," by Maria Brooks, remembering these difficulties, his appreciation of it will be the greater, there will be more kindness in his glance. And so toward Otto Wolff, with his pudgy, dimpled little tots, caught on the jump as it were, we may express a fuller commendation.

While it is eminently proper that a woman should be attracted by the charm of children, or that a man should find the horse or the cow a congenial subject, it does not follow that environment or fitness dictates the choice. The fragile delicate girl is not unfrequently drawn unconsciously to the barn-yard, the kennel, or the paddock, while the burly heavily built man is found by the cradle, or in the dainty boudoir, choosing a delicate subject of baby-life and budding innocence. Appropriateness does not always enter into the gifts the gods send.

So it is that from Florence Mackubin we have the great big St. Bernard dog, with his noble old head and fine honest eyes. Elizabeth Strong, too, has a predilec-

tion for dogs, though this time it is kittens that have caught her fancy, in " Five-o'clock Tea in my Studio."

The quiet charm of sunset, the peaceful stretches of level meadow, the soft shadowy corner of woodland, these attract the landscapists. Delicacy of distance, with harmonies of blue and purple, the grays of the early morning with opalescent qualities of tender color and slender trees gracefully outlined against soft



Drawn by Otto Wolff

BATHING THE LITTLE ONES



Drawn by Olive P. Black

THE TROUT POOL

skies, all fascinate the painter. P. E. Rudell has not escaped their blandishments. We see here, a characteristic bit by him of his favorite corner, a little way back, perhaps, from Long Island Sound, where he loves to paint afar from the highways and in the quiet of the country. Here he seeks his inspiration and finds, let us hope, the poetry and the sentiment of nature.

So, too, we may realize that the tangled foreground, the perplexing luxuriance of weed and grass, of twig and bush, with a distant hill or mountain, now obscured by mist, now lit by sunshine, are all bits of nature's handiwork, that speak eloquently to W. L. Sonntag, and to Olive P. Black. Infinite variety has nature to offer. There is no excuse for monotony, no necessity for repetition. The trees by J. A. Knickerbocker are different in their way, through each must render them as he is impressed.

There seems so much in the race long under bondage, with its originality of manner, of costume, and of mode of life, that the wonder is that more of our painters do not find themselves attracted. T. W. Wood, the venerable president of the Academy of Design, and E. L. Henry, have done much to make the negro popular. J. Campbell Phillips finds him a worthy subject for his pen, and the woolly head, the thick lips, and other peculiar traits are here with much fidelity.

Time out of mind the sea has had an irresistible fascination for men, whether as a means of life, or of sport, or as furnishing the inspiration for glowing canvas. Its terrors make it only the more alluring, its joys compensate for all hardships, and its devotees are faithful even unto death. Can there be any more exquisite pleasure to the painter, on a soft summer day, with easel and canvas up, with salty, invigorating air all about him, and lovely effect of sky and water to fill the eye, than to sit before it all, and work with keen enjoyment; to feel the exhilaration of



Drawn by Elizabeth Strong

FIVE O'CLOCK TEA IN MY STUDIO



Painted by Maria Brooks

BASHFUL

Owned by W. T. Evans

health and life and the freedom of the open air. Camilla G. Whitcomb is thus attracted, and her boats show how well she knows their construction, their rig and every rope and sail; and to her, Jack, ashore or afloat, is a man and a brother, of more than passing interest, —one who, like the Ghost in Hamlet, "could a tale unfold."

From lovely maidens in soft, clinging garments, in fashionable attire, in peasant frocks, in all the mystery of feminine toilet of high life and low, to saints with medieval gowns, uplifted eyes, and soft, sweet faces, the transition is easy. Stanley Middleton has found his preference in the beauty of womanhood, in the charm of graceful female face and form. St. Cecilia is delicate, attractive and full of sentiment.

When it comes to the ideal, how vast a field is opened. Ella F. Pell shows us her ideal, and somehow it seems



Painted by W. L. Sonntag

A GORGE IN THE ALLEGHANIES



Painted by P. E. Rudell

A MISTY DAY



Painted by Stanley Middleton

ST. CECILIA

wind-tossed, with its swirling lines of hair and background intermingled, the more so perhaps, by its proximity to the architectural solidity of the tower, by S. Gifford Slocum. It is an interesting question as to how far one may venture into the ideal, and where the ideal ceases and the real begins. After all, our ideals must be based upon the tangible, upon the recollection, the suggestion of some reality that has at one time or another impressed us. Who, for example, can evolve a new arrangement of humanity that can be more attractive than that we have at some period seen in the life. We may combine the beauties of many different



Painted by Florence Mackubin

HEAD OF A ST. BERNARD DOG

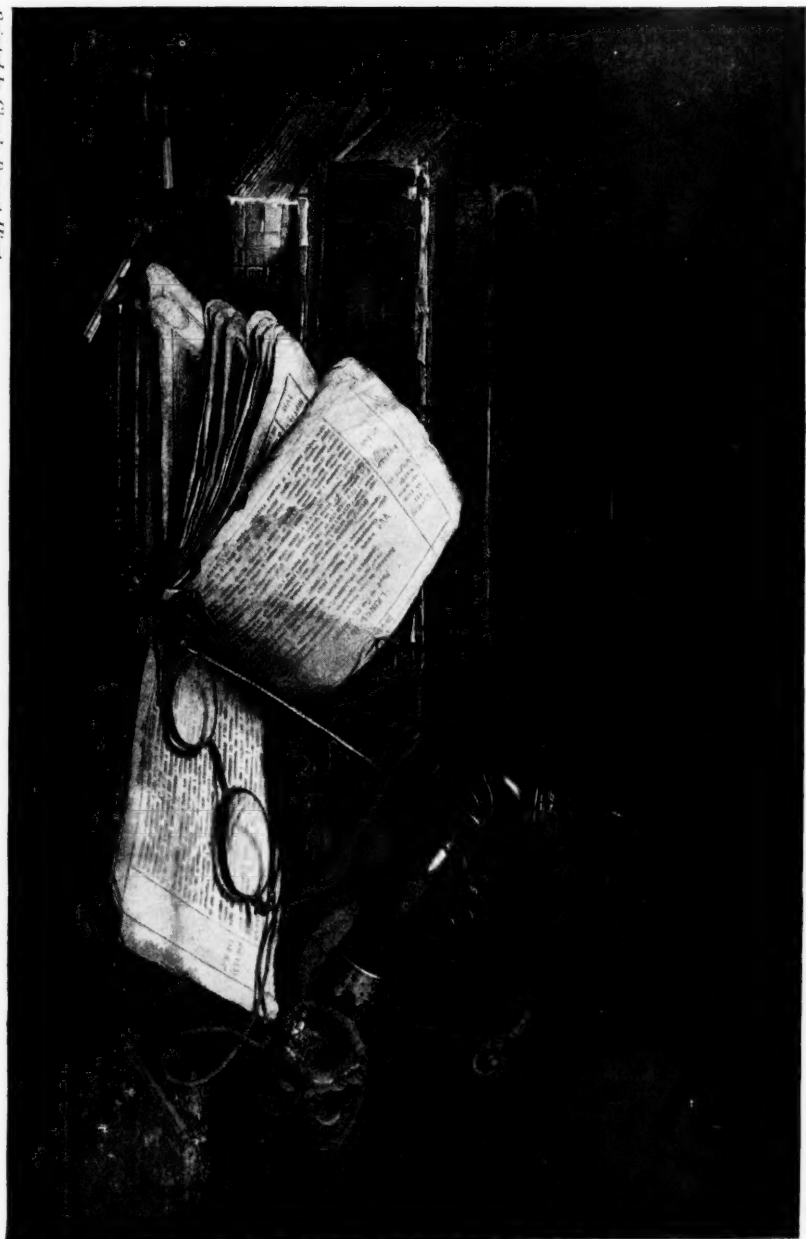
faces, and obtain a nearly perfect result, until there comes along a bit of nature's handiwork by no means flawless, if measured by the standards of beauty, and yet the healthful glow, the lovely color, the piquancy of expression, the animation of life—all these combined—produce a result that makes the sculptured marble or the painted canvas seem vain and unworthy.

So it goes. Each painter for generations, time out of mind, has had predilections toward this or that subject; and eventually he has found it, and his best follows.

To be continued.

Painted by Claude Lorraine

A CORNER OF GRANDPA'S STUDY



A REVERIE OF THE FARM

BY MARY ANNABEL FANTON

With original illustrations by R. B. Gruelle.



EVENING IN OCTOBER

R. B. GRUELLE is an American and a western man at that; but it is evident that he has lived and thought outside of Indiana. Perhaps he is not himself the son of a farmer, but it is plain that he knows the beauty of rural life and feels its poetry; and that he knows and loves the south of France. Let these two appreciations be put together, and it is easy to account for the choice of such themes as Mr. Gruelle here shows himself to delight in; and we may imagine him

weaving a little romance about these pictures, as he turns them over retrospectively, and his mind leaves, for the moment, the work of his hands, and goes back to the joy of his heart in the farmer's life, and especially in that life as he saw it, sweetest and best to the eye of artist and poet, far away in Provence.

In beautiful Provence, the sketches seem to say to him, Provence, the land of swelling meadows, hill-side, vineyard and peaceful cattle; the paradise of chil-



AN AUTUMN AFTERNOON

dren and of poets, he imagined that there once lived in the far-away past a boy, fair of face and with beautiful dreamy eyes.

From his birth he had been his mother's joy, and her heart's desire was that, like his dead father, he should keep the farm a model of beauty and the old Provençal name a symbol of thrift and honesty.

But the boy thought otherwise. He was a poet, with a poet's sensuous, thoughtless temperament, and his only happy moments were spent out of sight of the farm, under the wide spreading trees, stretched on the spongy turf; his arms spread out in ecstasy and his face radiant with close, loving contact with nature.

The summer of his coming of age found him more restless and more discontented with his daily life; even the admiring glances thrown him by the dainty Provençal beauties could not lessen his distaste for farm-work or cure him of his ardor for poetical association.

The summer passed, and the autumn, with its tender, stirring twilight and divinest melancholy, brought him no repose. Through each day's palpitating wealth of sunshine, he saw only Paris, the enchantress; and each night, as he listened to the myriad, cooing, autumnal sounds, he heard only the siren voice of his beloved Paris, until his soul was conquered and his decision made for self.

He dared not tell his project to his dear old mother, and watch the sweet calm vanish from her face at his words, and the faded blue eyes grow dim with tears. It would be better he thought just to slip quietly away, and then, in a few months when all Paris was ringing with his name, he would come back, and, kneeling at her feet, would ask for her forgiveness and her blessing.

At last the day came on which he had planned to set out. As he finally crept down from his loft, bundle in hand, he saw, by her favorite window the crippled form of his mother, resting peacefully in the old arm-chair. The evening sunlight streamed over the bending figure, softly illuminating the pallid strangeness of a peaceful dead face.



RUMINATION



BY HER FAVORITE WINDOW



IN THE WOODS

STUDIO-SUGGESTIONS FOR DECORATION

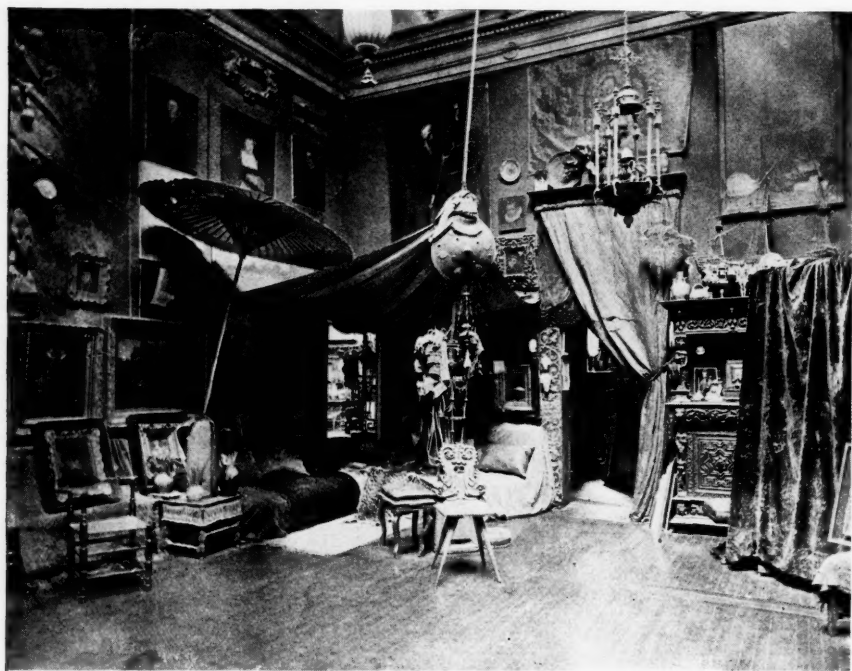
BY CLARENCE COOK

Illustrated from photographs of studios of prominent American artists.

How to make our homes attractive and comfortable, and comfortable they must be, or they cannot be permanently attractive—this seems to be a subject of perennial interest to a great many people, for all that is written about it—be it wise or unwise—is eagerly read; and the demand for hints, suggestions, advice, is always far greater than the supply.

As to comfort, no doubt people's notions would be found to differ as much as they do with regard to taste, but "comfort" is more easily defined in general terms than taste. I understand by it: "That which makes it easy and pleasant to carry on one's occupations."

Now, this can never be if the things we have about us, or the arrangement of our rooms, is not for "living," but for "looks," as we say. A sofa on which a man could neither stretch his legs; nor sit, without discovering the unyielding nature of bones; nor lean back without bumping his head against the wall, might be lovely in its lines, and covered with a stuff delightful to the eye, but when its unhappy owner needed a nap he would seek his wife's dressing-room, or his own den, and lie down on the "lunge," as an Irish servant happily described the



THE STUDIO OF WILLIAM M. CHASE

species, while the tactful visitor on entering the parlor, would secure another seat regardless of the host's motioned invitation.

There are sofas and chairs, too, even in this supposed common-sense age, that the visitor is expected not to use, like those designed for a superfluously rich New Yorker by an English artist, famous for the moment, whose owner now quickly checks the audacity or thoughtlessness that moves his guest to try their sittableness, and "waves him to a more removed seat." And everybody knows the 9 x 20 New York room—a species absolutely indigenous!—where heavy stuffed arm-chairs, a sofa, a piano, tall lamps, a make-believe fire-place, ottomans and small chairs, use up so much of the floor as to make moving about uncomfortable to the visitor and dangerous to the bric-à-



PORTRAIT OF J. H. DOLPH



THE STUDIO OF J. H. DOLPH

brac with which every flat surface is littered. No calling such ways of living comfortable, can make them so; and no one could logically defend them on any other ground than the desire to be in the fashion—in the fashion, that is, of one's particular division of the world.

What has made this crowding of our rooms so common, of late years, is the greater ease with which things of all sorts, decorative and useful, are to be had now-a-days—the shops offering so many temptations to people of rudimentary taste and moderate means, that they are unable or unwilling to resist the opportunity of making their houses beautiful, according to their lights, at small cost.

A few years ago the conditions were very different. Things at once pretty, or handsome, and useful, were hard to find. They were not in the shops, and money was therefore of no more use to us, in this direction, than it was to Robinson



THE STUDIO OF ROBERT C. MINOR

Crusoe. But the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, in 1876, changed all this, and since that time there has been no difficulty for either fat purses or lean ones.

Here has been our danger: overdoing has been easier than not doing, and we have, accordingly, overdone. But the advantages of the new order of things are much greater than the disadvantages. All that we need is to take to heart certain principles of fitness, of harmony, of common-sense—and, to live up to them! And everybody knows that to live up to one's principles is the easiest thing in the world!

In the revolt against formality and a too strict insistence upon uniformity of manners and ways of living, the artist's studio is a not unfit type of what might in



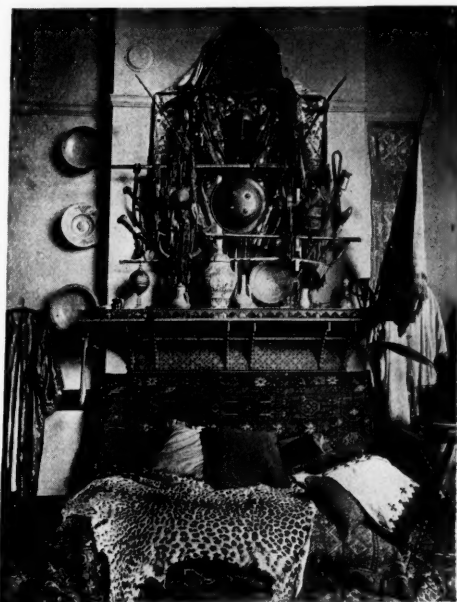
PORTRAIT OF H. W. WATROUS

ing-careless fashion, but really designed to make them useful as suggestions of color, form, reflection—the necessities of the artist-eye; to step from this intimate, personal retreat into the great square of the salon, is like going out of the closed house into the light and air of the public place.

Here are Mr. Chase's admirable copies, made for his own use and instruction, of Velasquez and Franz Hals, with examples of the work of modern artists, always chosen for their purely artistic quality; and a few of those exasperating "finds," of old Dutch or Flemish art, to which Mr. Chase seems guided by his good fairy, who keeps them hid from the common prowler, and flashes them forth to the eye of this luckier seeker. And in the days before Mr. Chase gave so much of his time to teaching in the art-schools,

many ways be desirable in our homes. We do not mean that we should make studios of our houses, but that we should try for some of that freedom from conventionalities and old-time preciseness that is at least shadowed forth in the best of our artists' studios.

A studio like that of William M. Chase is, perhaps, an exception to what is common here. It is a true studio because it is given up entirely to the study and practice of art, and at the same time it is a good example of what, to the taste of some of us, at least, a living-room ought to be. All the decoration consists of pictures and casts, and these are set off by abundant light and space, so that all the members of an ordinary family group could pursue their domesticities at ease without interference, and yet with a sense of companionship and facility of communication. To step from the artist's painting-room, with its cool north light, the rich but somber effect of the hangings; the objects in faience or metal disposed in a seem-



THE STUDIO OF H. W. WATROUS

there was an added charm bestowed upon the handsome room by the presence of a class of young women, on studious thoughts intent, sitting before their easels and playing with the mysteries of art.

Some of the other studios shown in our reproductions are rather more dressed-up for visitors than suits our purpose as illustrations of what we are commending. Ordinarily, no doubt, the chairs are used as chairs, and not as rests or tables, and there is less crowding to the front of ambitious bric-à-brac eager to sit for its picture. We are sure that Hamilton Hamilton who, as his portrait shows, knows so well what a comfortable seat an old-fashioned spindle-chair makes, would never allow that pert little jug to stand in the middle of the rug on working-days. And he would put his handsome mosque-lamp to its use; 'tis for hanging, not for laying down on the floor.

Harry Watrous has wrestled very successfully with the problem that confronts



PORTRAIT OF HAMILTON HAMILTON



THE STUDIO OF HAMILTON HAMILTON

many of us in these days of make-believe chimney-piers and mock fire-places, by covering his pier with a noble trophy of arms, and curtaining the fraudulent fire-place with a handsome Oriental rug, making a background for a tempting lounge of rugs, leopard-skins and cushions.

Robert Minor's studio shows how, by a freer disposition than usual of sofa and arm-chair, a room may be divided, and a look of ampler space be had by cutting off a portion of it!

J. H. Dolph's studio is of a more practical aspect than Mr. Chase's, but we may be sure that so excellent a colorist will know the secret of reflecting, in the fittings of his work-room, his feeling for what is harmoniously rich; for, as an artist's studio is the place where his individuality has free scope, it most gradually comes to reflect that in-

dividuality. Everything that is brought into it will be brought because it is felt to belong there; it is to take its place as a part of the whole. It has not been bought because it was pretty or rare, but because it is to be in harmony with its surroundings. The painter of Mr. Dolph's cats and dogs could only be at home in a studio where such excellent harmonies are the warp and woof of the whole decoration. And it is the principle of harmony that ought first to be established in the fittings of our rooms.

What we most miss in these black-and-white pictures of the artists' studios is the coloring. This is a pity, because the coloring is important in itself, and as a key to the artist's feeling. Here will be one studio, all richly somber; another, gay and sparkling; and then another, where there is actually nothing but the artist's easel and his chair, and the platform and chair for the model; and on the lightly tinted wall only one or two large photographs from Holbein and Raphael, and a cast from the antique. The colorist needs the sumptuosities: the copies of the pictures of the men he emulates; the soft background of faded tapestries, Venetian brocades, Italian majolicas, mellowed casts, patens of bronze, whatever can feed his eye. The draughtsman, the severe lover of form and line, can well spare these things: he is, indeed, better without them. Mr. Van Boskerck's studio is, no doubt, as to coloring, a harmonious place: the piano-forte, usually a discordant member of any well-regulated room with its mechanical lines, and its shining all-day face, is so beset, here, with neighboring things of one sort and another, that it cannot be as disagreeable as it would like; and the carved chest and chairs, and the Turkish table, and the folding seat, easily take off the eye from what by itself is always an eye-sore. But the presence of a piano suggests the possibility, at least, of music, and this again is an element of the moral coloring, if we may use so "esthetic" an expression to convey our meaning.



THE STUDIO OF R. W. VAN BOSKERCK

THE OUTCAST SEA

By MARGUERITE TRACY

With original illustrations by Henry B. Snell.



THE LAST WHALER HOMEWARD BOUND

BROADER than life, as mysterious as life and death, the sea over-reaches the knowledge and the worship of men.

There has been worship of trees, worship of animals, worship of fire, worship of men, worship of all nature together, but never worship of the sea. Its grandeur has given imagery to all religions, but its vast impersonality makes no promises,

and its only faith is with the elemental lands.

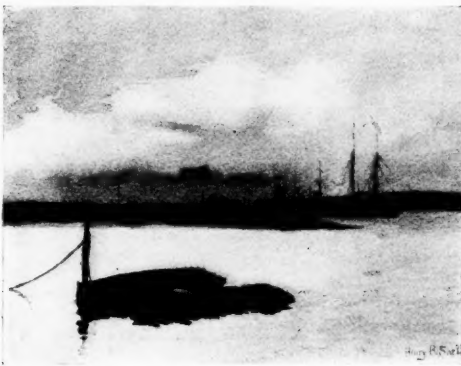
It has no thought for the men and boats that come and go upon it, leaving not a trace. It wishes them no harm, but hand in hand with heaven waits the moods of wind and cloud. Go out upon the sea and something deeper than the love of life that is in you will turn your face skyward, and you will ask: What desire have the spirits of the air?

The question of weather is no longer the empty question of the land, it is the question of the soul of nature and of your soul. The boats are not the centre of it; their insignificance serves only to emphasize the vastness of the sea.



NIGHTFALL IN MID-OCEAN

It takes a soul that can put itself aside to paint a sea like this, and one that can put humanity aside enough to make the boats come second in its thought. In every one of the pictures by Henry B. Snell given here there is a boat, but not one among them is the picture of a boat. "Nightfall" is the suspense, the uncertainty of the sea, as to what the night will bring forth. Even where the looming ship with its great shadow fills almost the whole canvas, "Crossing the Bar" expresses simple entrance upon the infinite mystery of the sea,—



ON PECONIC BAY



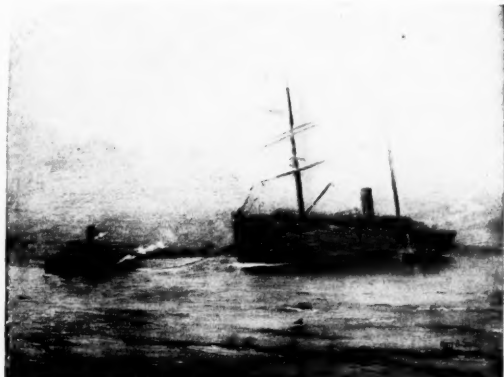
CROSSING THE BAR

"On such a tide as moving seems to sleep,
Too full for sound or foam,
When that which came from out the
boundless deep
Turns again home."

Tennyson took a great deal of imagery from the Bible, and in the Bible the sea is constantly

used as a symbol of the mystery of life. Again and again it is upheld as the greatest creation of God, and when God is convincing Job of presumption and ignorance, he asks, "Hast thou seen the springs of the sea, or hast thou walked in search of the depth? Where wast thou when I made the cloud the garment thereof and thick darkness a swaddling band for it, and brake up for it my decreed place, and set bars and doors, and said: 'Hitherto shalt thou come but no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed?' Declare, if thou hast understanding!"

But at the end we find the sea unclaimed and unredeemed, for the strangest part of its great drama—very like the ways of men—is the Bible's closing promise that in the land of paradise there shall be no more sea.



TOWING UP THE HARBOR

PHASES OF THE PICTURESQUE IN ARCHITECTURE

By H. TOLER BOORAEM

*With original illustrations by members of the
Architectural Club of Chicago.*



ARCHITECTS in these days are expected to be such a practical race of beings, that many persons may be surprised to observe how often they are prone to fall into the lighter vein of coquetting with the picturesque.

Why should he, whose principal business it is to reduce and transform the features, forms and motives of the ancient styles, to suit the peculiar lines demanded by "business principles" and the most modern developments of economical engineering, care to sit idly by a roadside to record in a sketch his impression of a crumbling tower? Or, to let his fancy roam and create a noble city, rising tier on tier upon a hillside, lofty château and imposing cathedral piled together indiscriminately; a beautiful impossibility even for Brittany, a fabric which a nation of dreamers alone could realize?

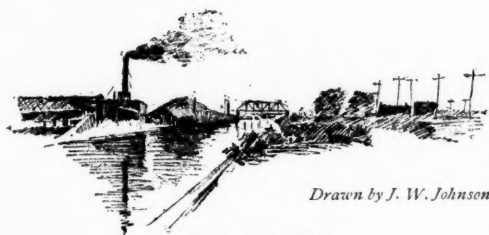
Do not judge a man's soul too hastily by what appears in the market-place, said Omar Khayyam or



Drawn by G. R. Dean
THE ARCH OF DRUSES AT ROME



CHICAGO RIVER



Drawn by J. W. Johnson

AN ILLINOIS CANAL

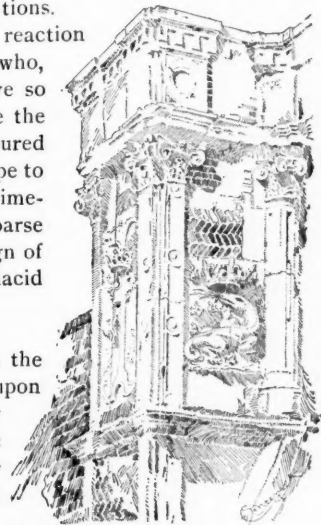
The craving for the picturesque is a natural reaction from the excessively practical issues which men, who, as designers, are sensitive to the beautiful, have so constantly to meet. The older countries, where the poetic atmosphere of the past yet lingers, are scoured every year by searchers for the beautiful, who hope to find some relief from rampant ugliness in the time-worn monuments of the better days, before the hoarse screech of the steam-whistle announced the reign of the mechanical and spoiled the temper of the placid muse.

Le roi est mort! Vive la canaille!

It is no wonder that men have been driven in the end to impressionism. No wonder that they seize upon every momentary phase of beauty, which kindly nature will at times vouchsafe to the most prosaic and ugly scene. The palpitating sunset-light or the grey tones of a misty day will soften the most obtrusive object.

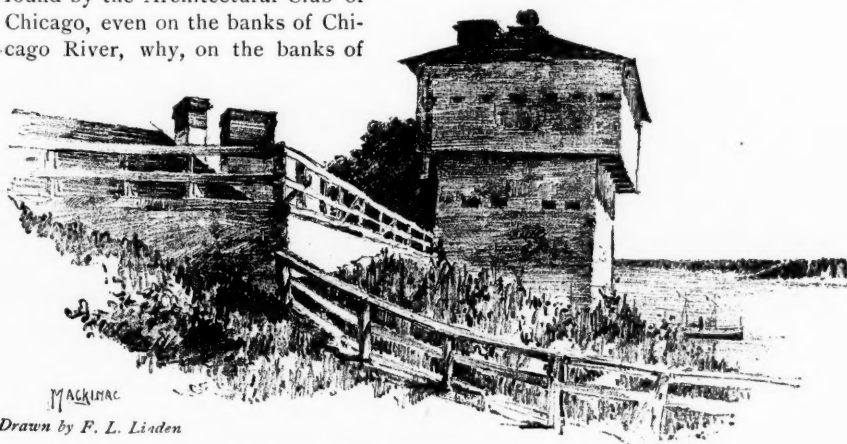
And, of course, if the picturesque is to be found by the Architectural Club of Chicago, even on the banks of Chicago River, why, on the banks of

Mohammed. Some men, to be sure, keep their souls there altogether, but others know two sides to life, one which is governed by the necessity of making bargains, and the other where the sense of beauty holds sway. The two get much mixed, necessarily, in architects' portfolios and in exhibitions.



Drawn by C. Bryant Schaefer

A CHIMNEY OF BLOIS



MACKINAC

Drawn by F. L. Liden

THE OLD BLOCK HOUSE AT MACKINAC ISLAND, MICHIGAN

the sunny Loire, on the Avon, in sleepy Brittany, romantic Nuremberg, mysterious Prague or in great Rome itself, its members will have moments of paradise.

All this is evidence that architecture is a most complex art. Never was it more so than at present, when, in fact, it consists of a strange juxtaposition of art, science and business. The art element in it has altered, too, in many respects—not merely be- hamper it; they have aims. The highest namely, the facile and as the masters of the possessed, is, it must be obscured, as many an

It is, of course, signer - errant should rather than after mere with the pure air of tience the soul of Bra-

cause the other two elements even changed the course of its artistic expressiveness of the art, unerring power of design, such fifteenth and sixteenth centuries be admitted, sadly blunted and example might show.

after these things that the de- bend his most earnest quest, impressions: to fill his lungs Ionia, to win with utmost pa- mante and Angelo. Laborious



Drawn by W. B. Mundie

OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF NUREMBERG



Drawn by Hugh M G Garden

A COUNTRY VILLA

is a natural element in modern art, because the impulse of design follows a different channel of expression. To the Greek, the Roman, and the Italian of the Renaissance, the sign of beauty was chiefly set upon symmetry and the simple rhythm of form. Their surroundings and habits of life enhanced rather than retarded these tendencies. Modern times are more intense. Where the feeling for beauty exists, it runs to imagination, to color and tone. The demon of ugliness is powerful in the land, and admiration for pure form is, unfortunately, correspondingly depressed. Our modern towns seem fairly to glory in the unlovely. We are surrounded by structures of such glaring badness as seems inspired by the genius of the Evil One. The grimy factory, the vulgar shop-front, the clanging trolley—ough! it is too dismal an array to enumerate to the end.

The rare is always the most valued. With such objects on every hand, it is not surprising, I think, that those who have any care for the beautiful should cultivate the opposite extreme, by seeking nature in her most imaginative and least practical moods. And it is natural, that, as ideals of form and proportion have continually to be sacrificed to money-getting necessities, designers should endeavor to compen-

study of ancient masterworks, and painstaking effort to design somewhat as they did, will do more, no doubt, to improve the quality of contemporary design, than will the making of pretty sketches *en plein air* in Italy or Greece, with bits of ruined temple or palace, treated with pleasant breadth of color, as the foreground. However, the latter are by no means lacking in influence for the good. Lighter moments have their value as well as serious ones; and we urge that the fondness for the picturesque and impressionistic side of nature



Drawn by E. S. Jensen

"LITTLE HELL," CHICAGO



Drawn by C. Bryant Schaefer

A DOORWAY OF A VILLAGE HOUSE

sate for a forced departure from classic repose by giving some touch of the picturesque to their compositions. And this they do more often than they would like to admit themselves. We misjudge the influence of the picturesque if we think it expresses merely the indulgence of idle moments—the outlet for an occasional exuberance of fancy. It is an essential thing. Classic purity of plastic form

is impossible, but it remains for us to put vital energy, some spark of imagination, into our works; in short, to be picturesque. It need not hence be implied that no opportunities exist for scholarly and classically inspired work, nor that any erratic design, because it may claim to be picturesque, is therefore good. Far from it. Irregularity and badness of proportion do not constitute the picturesque or anything else that is admirable; and then, while the Greek inspires, the banker disposes.

Some ultra-formalists—men who would be as well satisfied with any extreme of conventionalism as with the true spirit of classic art, and who are too matter-of-fact and materialistic to see any beauty in the picturesque—frown upon any sign of it, as showing disregard of the proper formality. But there is a noble picturesqueness which may be united

to most virile design. It appears through all the medieval work, and is strong in the French and Spanish Renaissance—in soaring arch and spire, in the frowning battlements of the castle, in the more graceful roof-line of the Renaissance château, in the thatch and timber-work of the cottage. Life itself was picturesque then, for it was full of action all through the Middle Ages, and far into the age of revival. Sympathy with its beauty and individuality, be it true and not superficial, can work our architecture no harm.



Drawn by Hugh M. G. Garden

A FRENCH FARMHOUSE



Drawn by E. C. Jensen

STEAMSHIPS ON CHICAGO RIVER

THE SWORD OF JAPAN AND ITS ORNAMENTS

BY THE COUNTESS ANNIE DE MONTAIGU

With illustrations from notable examples of ancient sword-guards.



SIMPLEST FORM OF SWORD-GUARD (IRON):
BY OUMETADA, 17TH CENTURY

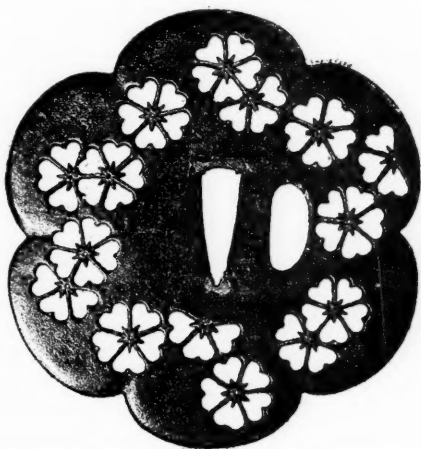
WHEN the reader recalls the fact that the ancient races of Japan were fierce and warlike, he can scarcely marvel that during the feudal ages, and up to the revolution of 1868, the armament of a warrior was his most precious possession. The lance and the bow were noble arms, but the sword outranked them.

Only nobles and high officials were permitted to wear the sword, which was often styled "the soul of the samurai," but this privilege was accorded even to boys of lordly parentage.

The far-famed blades of Toledo and Syria were clumsy as compared with those of old Japan, which, by a single deft stroke, would

sever a man's head in twain. The story of Saladin's feat of cutting a down-cushion in two with his scintillant blade, might well be credited by those acquainted with the Japanese weapon.

There was a time when a man's rank could be determined by the quality of his armature; a person magnificently garbed, with an ordinary weapon by his side, would be adjudged of low degree, while to a poorly dressed person wearing a fine sword, would be extended distinguished homage. A fortune was frequently invested in arms, a rich noble often possessing fifteen hundred swords, some of them costing \$1,400, and the daimios and wealthy nobles vied with each other in owning elegant specimens of the armorer's handicraft, many of which were ancient family heirlooms, and magnificent examples of the cunning workmanship of the artist-artisan. The profession of the armorer was esteemed a most honorable one, in the medieval society of Japan, and often a skillful artificer was ennobled by the emperor. The polishing and finishing of a blade was a long and tedious process, and prior to giving the final touches, the master-armorer was accustomed to don his court-suit in token of the profound



AN IRON OPEN-WORK GUARD WITH AN APERTURE FOR
THE KO-DZOUKA: 16TH CENTURY

respect in which he held his calling. The signature of the armorer was always appended to a sword of superior workmanship, as may be seen by an examination of the fine series of these weapons possessed by the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

The gods were presumed to preside over the forging of weapons; propitiatory offerings to the bloodthirsty deity of war, the terrible Bishamon, were made in the workshop and his image was sometimes engraved upon the blade. The sword was thought to be endowed with miraculous virtues, and the superstitious believed

that in its trenchant blade was enshrined the spirit of a beneficent divinity, who guided the warrior's arm in battle and shielded him from danger.

Legends were sometimes engraved upon the hilt, such as: "Our destiny is in the hands of the gods, but a skillful swordsman need not fear death," which liberally interpreted might be construed into the Cromwellian motto, "Trust in God but keep your powder dry." Another characteristic motto runs: "There is nothing on earth or in heaven that a man who wears a trusty blade need fear."

The etiquette of wearing the sword was formal and explicit, and every Japanese of rank made a careful study of it: there were those appropriate for war and others which were only to be worn on ceremonial parades, and at courtly functions.

The primitive sabre of the country was called the *ken*, and was a ponderous two-edged weapon, more than a yard long, which was hung upon the back and brandished with both hands. The *kutana* was a shorter sword about eighteen inches in length, which was worn in the girdle and was the conventional arm of the gentleman, and the one which rendered him master of the situation, for in case of misfortune or disgrace he could, by



A JAPANESE WARRIOR IN NATIVE ARMOR
AND ACCOUTERMENTS

means of it, spare himself the ignominy of a public execution by resorting to the suicidal duty of *hara-kiri*. The *kutana* was usually ornamented in the most costly manner, and while it bears the semblance of an elegant toy, is in reality a most dangerous weapon.

While the warrior regarded the temper of his trusty blade as of paramount importance, the art-lover, the collector and the wealthy noble have had an eye to its decoration. Rich men now, as of old, compete with each other for the possession of magnificent specimens of the ancient artist-armorer's handicraft,

and pay exorbitant prices for them. *Tsuka*, the hilt, *saya*, the sheath, and *tsuba*, the guard, all came in for a fair share of ornamentation. The sheath was commonly made of magnolia wood, either carved or protected by lacquer, and often elaborated with a tracery of precious metals or inlaid with nacre. Sometimes the case was covered with shark-skin, or it was of unrelieved severity, showing merely a polished surface of lacquer having the tip fortified with metal, either plain, engraved or embossed.

The hilt was usually of the finest workmanship, and generally covered with braided silk, through whose meshes appeared the gold or silver ornaments called the *menoukis*. Next the blade comes the oval guard (*tsuba*).

In the handle are two slots through which a strong and broad cord of plaited silk is passed, the two halves connecting on the arched side and intersecting with each other. On the reverse side is a stout ring or hook of metal through which the cord is threaded. This cord the wearer would wind firmly about his wrist when in battle.

The *tsuba*, or sword-guard, is as old in history as the sword, and was its most important accessory, since it alone protected the warrior's hand; and upon its embellishment the armorer, the engraver, and the goldsmith expended their best efforts. Hence each example that remains is an artistic and individual production. This guard or shell, many style of which are illustrated herewith, consists of a disk of metal, not soldered to the steel, but only slipped over the blade and made fast to the hilt, which was provided with one, two, or three oval apertures

through which the side-arms were thrust. The sword occupied the place of honor in the middle slot; on one or both sides was the *ko-dzuka*, a small sharp-pointed knife whose blade reposed in an outer furrow of the scabbard. When a single *ko-dzuka* was carried, an iron hair-pin designated *koghai* was slipped through the other aperture.

This *koghai* was a highly useful implement. It fastened the cap of the soldier, was used as a fork to pick up grains of rice at meals; and in the course of battle was stuck into the body of a dead foe to lay claim to its possession.

The artificers in metals devoted much time and talent to the elabora-



SILVER-BRONZE. DRAGONS AFFRONTE:
BY SEIDOUZI



HAMMERED IRON, ENCRUSTED WITH SILVER:
BY YOUSAN

tion of the sword-guard, which was made originally of forged, cast, or chiselled iron, to which metal was ascribed the highest honor during the rude ages of feudalism; the relief was obtained with the hammer.

The most renowned artists often originated the designs for guards, which were conscientiously carried out by the artisan, who by his persevering care was enabled to impart life and action to the most unyielding materials, some of which are as adamant as steel; and the Japanese metal-work of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries challenges comparison with that of Pisaniello and Benvenuto Cellini.

About the beginning of the eighteenth century, soft alloys, composed of variously colored metals, came into use, and their employment resulted not only in an increased facility of manipulation, but in an infinite variety of form and color among the objects made. Two of these are frequently alluded to by writers under their Japanese names, *shakouido* and *shibouitshi*. *Shakouido* is a gold bronze; and the other a silver bronze; but Gonse informs us that in each of these alloys the proportions of the metals varied according to the color the artist wished to obtain. The increase of ease in working these soft alloys, however, soon led to haste and carelessness and precipitated the decadence of Japanese art in metals.

In variety and beauty of color these old bronzes rivalled the palette of the painter, and permitted the imagination of the artist to revel in splendid tints as well as in exquisite forms. Although iron was not abandoned, it was used in conjunction with the ruddy and golden tones of the bronzes, with the addition of



AN IRON GUARD OF THE 15TH CENTURY



IRON GUARD, CARP ENTWINED: BY YEIJU

the rich greens and electric blues that afforded such magnificent possibilities to the decorator. Translucent enamels, with their jewel-like glints of color, were also lavishly employed. Incising, relief, inlaying, incrustation, and intaglio decoration, were all utilized by the Japanese artist in metal, together with filigree and damascening, the latter eclipsing in delicacy that of the Arabs and Moors.

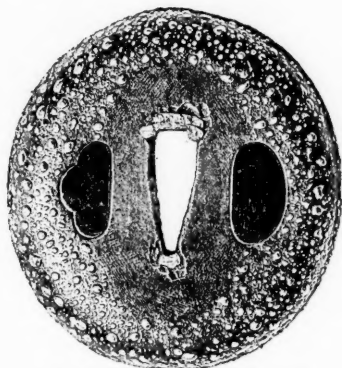
The native metal-worker was enabled to produce superb effects by his knowledge of methods of corrosion and oxidation. As many as seven metals in combination were occasionally employed in the depiction of a single subject, the tones so blended



A GOLD-BRONZE GUARD: BY NAGAYOUKI

be appreciated unless a magnifying glass is used.

The gods Imari and Bishamon, the patrons of war, are frequently portrayed. The armorial bearings of a family were often marked out upon the guard; and the kiku or chrysanthemum, the Imperial insignia of the regnant family, was placed upon the sword-shells of the emperor; and birds, insects and even quadrupeds were all utilized by these ingenious designers, as will be noticed in studying the pictures of the examples illustrated herewith. A taste for grotesque design is conspicuous, however; in fact, the artists of Japan reveal an inherent tendency toward caricature. Two interlaced serpents biting a lance was one of the favorite forms, as were also mythological monsters.



IRON ENCRUSTED WITH SILVER: BY NOBOUIYE, 17TH CENTURY

and harmonized as to present a poem in color.

From the point of view of art, indeed, the guard is the piece of most importance in the whole garniture of the sabre; and the history of this department of metal-working forms a fair index of the development and progress of that art in Japan.

The designers drew their subjects from the fauna and flora of their country, and also from religious and mythical themes. The fecundity of imagination and the minute elaboration displayed upon these sword-shells are worthy of the efforts of the most renowned jewelers of Europe, and often their beauty cannot



AN IRON GUARD: WITH DRAGON-FLIES HOLLOWED OUT, BY OUMETADA

The most ancient name of an artist who worked in this line is that of Kanaiye, who wrought at the end of the fourteenth century, and his methods were pursued throughout the fifteenth century. Red and yellow bronzes were employed, in conjunction with gold and silver, in incrustations, and after the manner of cloisonné, with very beautiful effect. By the end of the sixteenth century the art of working in iron had realized an important progress, especially fostered and advanced in the studios of Taiko-Sama and Osaka. There appeared simultaneously, the fine damascening of gold and the applications of translucent enamels. An artist by the name of Kounishiro distinguished himself in this kind of work, of



IRON OPEN-WORK, WITH RAISED PATTERN
IN GOLD: BY KINAI, 16TH CENTURY

which, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, marvellous examples were produced in Japan. The men who exerted the most early influence upon the delicate ornamentation of swords, and especially in making the guards, were Kinai of Etshizen, Shinkodo and Nobouiye (see page 249).

The name of Shinkodo engraved upon a sword-guard, greatly enhances its value, as he was one of the best-known workers in metal of his day. Nobouiye was another specialist, renowned for the grotesqueness of his conceptions, and the unparalleled boldness of his execution. Outemada was also an able exponent of the school of metal-workers, and

devoted his talents to the manufacture of tsabas; he was of a sombre turn of thought, and his works are characterized by their strange and grotesque forms, but are always notable in execution. His signature was the plum-blossom and the character *tada*. Two pieces by this grandest artist of a past type celebrated in Japan, were found some time ago in a Parisian collection. One of these (shown on page 249) is ornamented with dragon-flies, in their wild, nocturnal aspect, hollowed out of the metal and curved over the border of the guard. In the other (shown on page 245) he represents, with remarkable art, a brush-like sketch; it is of a horse at liberty in the field, with his mane flying in the wind. All of his work is highly original, and as he employed the hardest metals they possess an almost everlasting durability.

Other masters of talent of this period were You San (see page 247), Mitsitoshi, Takouti, Tomokata, Yeijiu (see page 248), Kanenori, Tomoyouki and many others. The most illustrious of these was certainly Somin, whose masterpieces in silver are regarded as equal to those in iron by Oumetada. He died in 1717, and must not be confounded with a metal-worker of more recent career at the court of Japan having the same name.

The sword-guard is valued at the present time, not from a military point of view, but from that of the art-collector. Its mission is ended, as the sword is no longer the national weapon of Japan, the accouterments of the army now being those accepted by European nations. The rifle and bayonet are less picturesque but more effective than the sword, the wearing of which has been forbidden, even in court costume, since the rebellion of the nobles in 1868.



RED BRONZE: BY TEROUTSUGOU

PRIMITIVE FIRE-KINDLING

By ERNEST INGERSOLL

Illustrated from apparatus in the National Museum.



FIG. 2. THE PLOW: AUSTRALIA

THE folk-lore of all primitive peoples contains fanciful stories of the origin of fire—the family fire—none of which are more pleasing than some recited by our North American Indians; but it is plain that few of the great customs of human life are so easily accounted for. Fire is a part of nature. It comes with every outflow of volcanic lava, follows the lightning-stroke, and results from the clash of many hard substances.

One of the earliest notes made by primitive man must have been that chafing most objects made them warm; and curiosity alone, apart from any process of inductive reasoning, must have led him to experiment until he learned that rapid friction would produce heat sufficient for the ignition of the dust of dry wood, forming a coal that

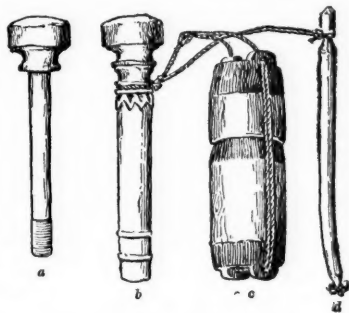


FIG. 1. A DYAK FIRE-SYRINGE
a, piston; b, cylinder and piston; c, tinder-box; d, cleaner.

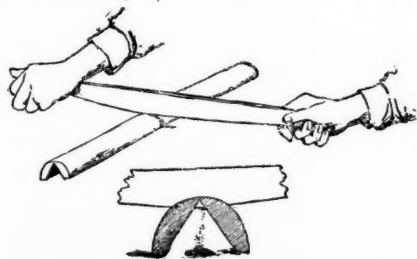


FIG. 3. FIRE-KINDLING BY SAWING A BAMBOO

might be nursed into flame. The moment this knowledge had been made practicable, a method of kindling fire at will had been invented, and civilization had taken its fundamental step in progress.

It is certain that so much was achieved in every quarter of the world long before history begins—far back below the horizon of tradition, indeed; nevertheless the earliest methods and models of apparatus survive to this day.

The simplest means of fire-kindling is by rubbing together two sticks; but this is slow and uncertain, and suitable sticks cannot be picked up everywhere. We may therefore suppose that a very short time would elapse before each individual or group among the primitive nomads would be

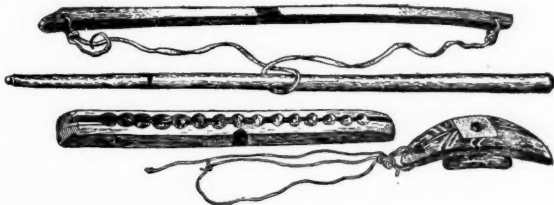


FIG. 4. AN ALASKAN FIRE-DRILL, WITH ITS MOUTH-PIECE



FIG. 5. A JAPANESE TEMPLE, OR "SACRED,"
FIRE KINDLER

among savages may be regarded as fair types of the primitive arrangements. The simplest of these, probably, is a piece of dry soft wood upon which a pointed stick is pushed rapidly back and forth (Fig. 2). The stick is usually harder than the underpiece or "hearth," and quickly plows a groove, or enlarges one made before, until the dust pushed forward presently begins to smoke and glow (usually in less than a minute), and may be made to ignite



FIG. 6. TWIRLING THE FIRE-STICK

some frayed bark or other tinder easily blown into a flame. This method is confined almost entirely to the South Pacific islands and Australia, where a skillful man will thus do the work in less than a minute, with almost any chance pieces of dry wood. Another simple plan, practiced in southeastern Asia and its neighboring islands, requires a sawing movement. A bamboo is split and laid upon the ground, its hollow side down. A notch is then cut across it, and the fire-maker moves a smaller bamboo back and forth in this notch, as briskly and

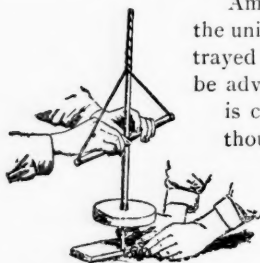


FIG. 8. A WEIGHTED BOW-DRILL

as heavily as possible. In a short time he has sawed partly through the lower piece and a little heap of dust has fallen below it (Fig. 3), which presently ignites under the continued friction. Various ingenious modifications of this apparatus occur among the native tribes of Burma, Malaya and Borneo; and the quality of the shining outer coat of the bamboo, which is so highly silicious that it can be made to yield a spark when struck by a piece of china, assists the process greatly. Among the same people is found the unique fire-making implement portrayed in Fig. 1, which may as well be adverted to here, since it is confined to Malaya, although philosophically it is far ahead of any other of the primitive contrivances. It consists of a cylinder of bamboo, having a closed

provided with a portable apparatus for this purpose; and hence speedily would arise the family fire—the hearth-stone—which is the unit of social organization.

The examples of such apparatus recently or now in use

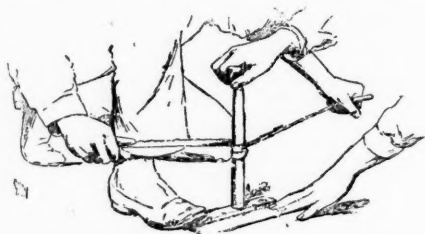


FIG. 7. ROTATING THE FIRE-STICK BY A STRAP

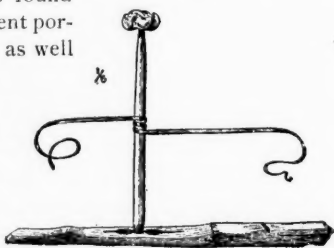


FIG. 9. AN ESKIMO FIRE DRILL

bottom, and fitted with an air-tight piston. Whenever the Karen camper wishes to build a fire, he places a quantity of tinder in the bottom of the cylinder, sets the piston in place, and then drives it down with a sudden blow. When he drags the piston out he finds the

tinder ignited by the heat generated from the extreme compression of the air within the tube, under the force of the blow. This is a rather deep application of a law of physics for a savage. One wonders by what curious accident it was discovered; and that an ability capable of seizing upon, and making practical application of such a dis-



FIG. 12. A CHINESE FLINT-AND-TINDER POUCH

covery, should have borne so little fruit in other directions.

It ought here to be remarked that the people who use the means above noted (none of which, however, are known elsewhere), also obtain fire by means of the drill, and by the striking together of stones or metals, as will be described hereafter.

Next higher in grade, because more complicated, comes the rotary drilling mode of producing fire, out of which has been developed the "fire-drill," which, in one form or



FIG. 13. A JAPANESE FLINT-AND-TINDER POUCH

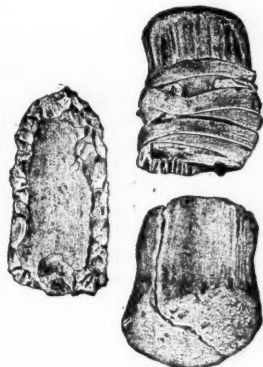


FIG. 10. ESKIMO FIRE-STONES: FLINT, IRON-PYRITES, AND THE HANDLE OF THE LATTER

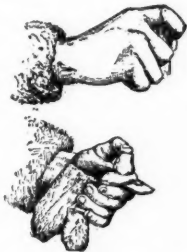


FIG. 11. STRIKING FIRE FROM FLINT AND PYRITES: EASTERN ESKIMO

another, does service in almost all parts of the world. The National Museum at Washington contains hundreds of examples, and several illustrated papers upon these and similar objects have been published by the Smithsonian Institution, especially one written by Walter Hough.

The simplest rotary method is the twirling of a stick held upright and resting upon another piece of wood, in a little socket at the side of which a notch or canal has been cut.

"There is a great knack,"

Primitive Fire-Kindling

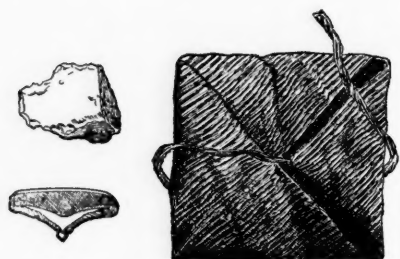


FIG. 14. A SMOKER'S STRIKE-A-LIGHT AND POUCH: JAPAN

collecting in the canal cut into the cavity from the side of the lower piece of wood. Soon, as the motion progresses, the powder begins to increase and to get darker, the odor of burning wood is noticed and the smoke is seen. Probably when the next motion ceases there will be a little curl of peculiarly colored smoke, which shows that active



FIG. 15. JAPANESE MOUNTED FLINT AND STEEL

combustion has begun. The pellet of ground-off wood may now be shaken out of the slot or canal. At first it is dark; a thin line of smoke comes from it; gradually the fire spreads through it until it glows. In this semi-charred dust the heat is held until it increases to about 450° , or higher. Everything depends on keeping the dust in a heap; it is impossible to make fire without doing this. . . . It is found that both the drill and lower piece, which, for convenience, shall be called the hearth, must be of dry, inflammable wood. Wood that is soft from incipient decay is chosen; most often pieces riddled by worms. This is the *felicis materia* spoken of by Festus as used by the Vestals. . . . Woods vary in combustibility depending on their density, coloring matter, and, perhaps, their chemical constitution. Sap-wood of juniper and soft white maple yield fire with the bow, but light mesquite is the best of all. The vascular, starchy, flowering-stems of plants have always been

says Walter Hough, "in twirling the vertical stick. It is taken between the palms of the outstretched hands (Fig. 6), which are drawn backwards and forwards past each other almost to the finger-tips, thus giving the drill a reciprocating motion. At the same time a strong downward pressure is given. If the lower part of the drill is observed when the motion begins, it will be seen that powder is ground off and is



FIG. 16. KOORDISH FLINT, STEEL, AND PIPE-CLEANERS: TURKEY



FIG. 17. FLINT, STEEL, TINDER-HORN, PUNK AND POUCH: CHEYENNE INDIANS

a favorite fire-generating material."

Certain improvements and modifications of this arrangement are made, such as the charring of the hearth, the use of fine sand to increase the friction, etc.; and by simple contrivances of this kind is

yet lighted the "sacred" fire which constitutes a part of various religions. It is so done not only in the kivas of Zuñi and Tusayan, but in the Parsee temples of Persia, in India, Japan and elsewhere. This practice is based upon the consistent theory that fire is a spirit inherent in the wood, which should be brought to light in a temple only by contact with other wood, hence the Parsee priest or the Red Indian shaman would deem it a profanation to ignite his temple-fire by means of a

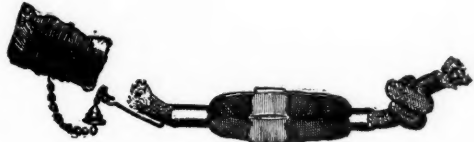


FIG. 18. A FRENCH STRIKE-A-LIGHT

match, or an electric current, or in any other than the traditional manner; and never sees that in the antiquity of the custom lies its present quality of sacredness.

Men soon improved the plan of twirling the fire-stick between their palms by taking a turn or two of a cord or strap



FIG. 19. A WHEEL TINDER BOX: SCOTLAND

around it (Fig. 7), and pulling its ends rapidly back and forth, forcing a swift rotation. This required, of course, that a second person should hold the affair firmly; but any necessity for such a helper was soon overcome by fitting a bar across the top upon which a single operator might lean his weight, while holding the hearth steady with his knees. The Eskimos, however, preferred a headpiece that they could grasp with their teeth, often carved out of walrus ivory to fit the mouth, or adapted from the ankle-bone of a deer (Figs. 4, 9). The Tchuckchis, Samoyeds and other natives of arctic Asia have similar contrivances.

An advance upon this is the bow-drill (Fig. 8), precisely as employed by the civilized jeweler, and, for that matter, in use among most American

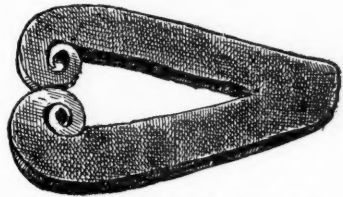
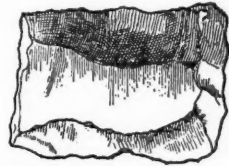


FIG. 20. A MEXICAN FLINT AND STEEL

Indians as a drill for perforating beads, and boring pipes and other articles of stone, bone, shell, etc. Often the bow is only a curved stick, or a perforated board, sliding up and down the fire-stick; but among the western Eskimos, who exhibit a marked tendency toward decoration, the bow is always of bone or ivory, carved at the ends and etched along its sides.

Throwing sparks upon tinder or punk, by striking together stones and metals, is another means widely employed; and you

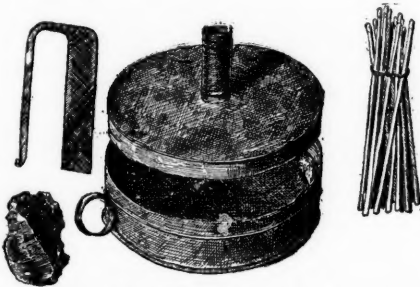


FIG. 21. AN ENGLISH TINDER-BOX AND SPUNKS

may buy in the shops to-day, various forms of flint-and-steel "strike-a-lights."

Primitive man, like many existing races, had no steel, but all have had flinty stones or metals which answered the purpose. Evidence points to a prehistoric knowledge, in various parts of the Old World, of the efficacy of iron-pyrites with flint as a means of striking fire; and the natives of Canada and northward formerly employed quartz and pyrites, or even two pieces of pyrites alone.



FIG. 22. JAPANESE SHAVING-MATCHES, TIPPED WITH SULFUR

In a region of snow and ice not only is some portable method of obtaining fire highly important, but it is needful to insure the dryness of all the materials. Hence all northern peoples wear a case or bag containing their fire-making tools, with a stock of prepared tinder. Such materials are pictured in Figs. 12 to 17. The smaller pouches needed for the flint-and-steel are often elaborately ornamented; and their service has survived among semi-civilized peoples, as shown in Figs. 10 to 20.

Somewhat more elaborate devices are still employed by the peasantry of Europe

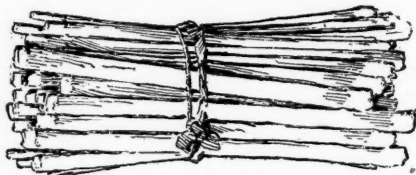


FIG. 23. SULFUR "SPUNKS": PHILADELPHIA, 1830

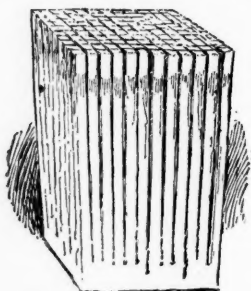


FIG. 25. A BLOCK OF EARLY LUCIFER-MATCHES

and Asia, and were the reliance of our own grandfathers before the introduction of lucifer-matches. Smokers can still provide themselves with such a convenience, combined with a slow-match (Fig. 18), enabling them to light their pipes in wet or windy weather. An odd form (Fig. 19) had a rough wheel against which the flint was pressed, the twirling of the wheel sending a shower of sparks into the tinder laid in the trough. The old English flint-and-tinder box appears in Fig. 21.

The first matches were splinters (or sometimes shavings) of wood, tipped with sulfur, which burst into flame when dipped into a bottle of phosphorus. It is scarcely fifty years since the first blocks of friction-matches (Fig. 25)

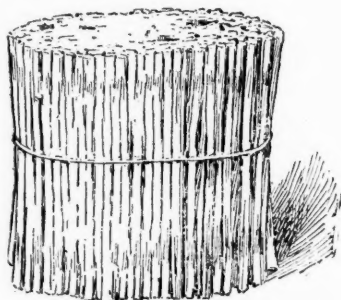


FIG. 26. SULFUR "SPUNKS": FRANCE

appeared, tipped with a chemical dried paste, so highly combustible that the heat generated by a simple scratch against some hard object sufficed to set them afire. Lastly, "safety" matches were made, where a necessary chemical element was supplied only by a prepared surface upon which the match was to be "struck."

It is to be observed, however, that matches are only a new application of the old idea of generating fire by friction, with which mankind first started, and which he has brought to perfection by a high preparation of materials without departing from the principle.

